

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES



Matine and Leona Maroon



CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

AN INTERESTING COLLECTION OF
STORIES AND POETRY

With illustrations by HARRISON WEIR
and other well-known artists

ALSO SOME OF

ÆSOP'S FABLES

ADAPTED AND PICTURED

By

JOSEPH J. MORA

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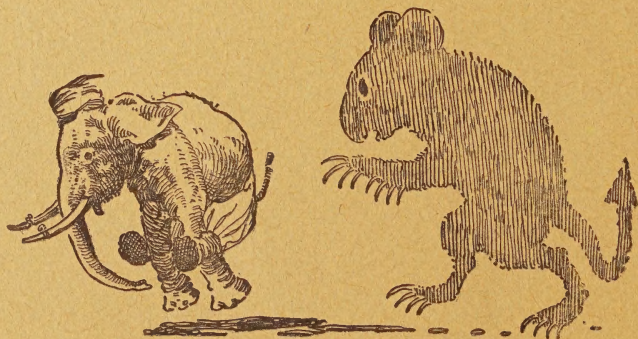
THE THREE GRACES

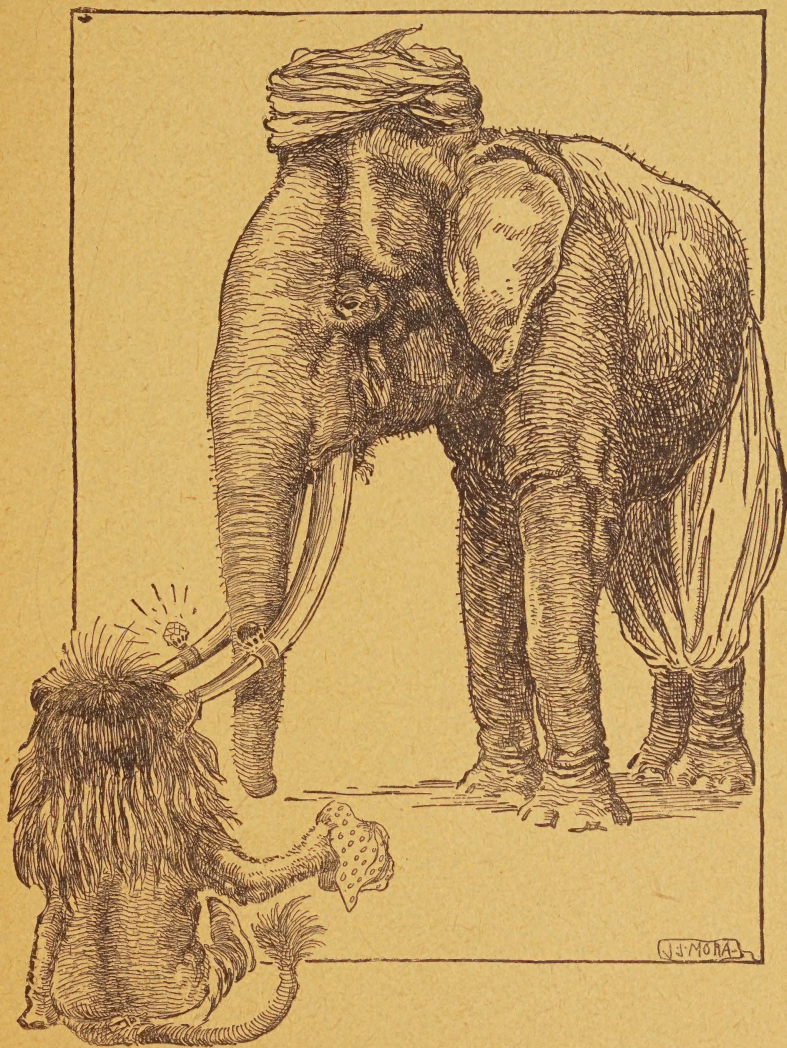
THE ELEPHANT AND THE LION.



EAR, DEAR," sighed the Lion as he plumped himself down and wiped a tear from his eye, "why is it that I'm so frightened at the crowing of a miserable Cock?

Can life be worth living, when such a creature has the power to rob it of its charms?" Just then an Elephant stumbled along, trembling and alarmed. "What troubles you?" said the Lion. "Can anything under the sun frighten such a tremendous thing as you?" "Visions!" gasped the Elephant, "I've just seen a Mouse." At this the Lion cheered up, and made up his mind to look for the pleasant things in life, as there were others who had troubles in common with him.





MAKING READY

HURRY, Grandpa, don't be long,
Mix that green paint good and strong.

Green outside, with a broad line
Of white on top, won't she be fine?

Yes, sir! coming home from school,
I found cowslips by the pool.

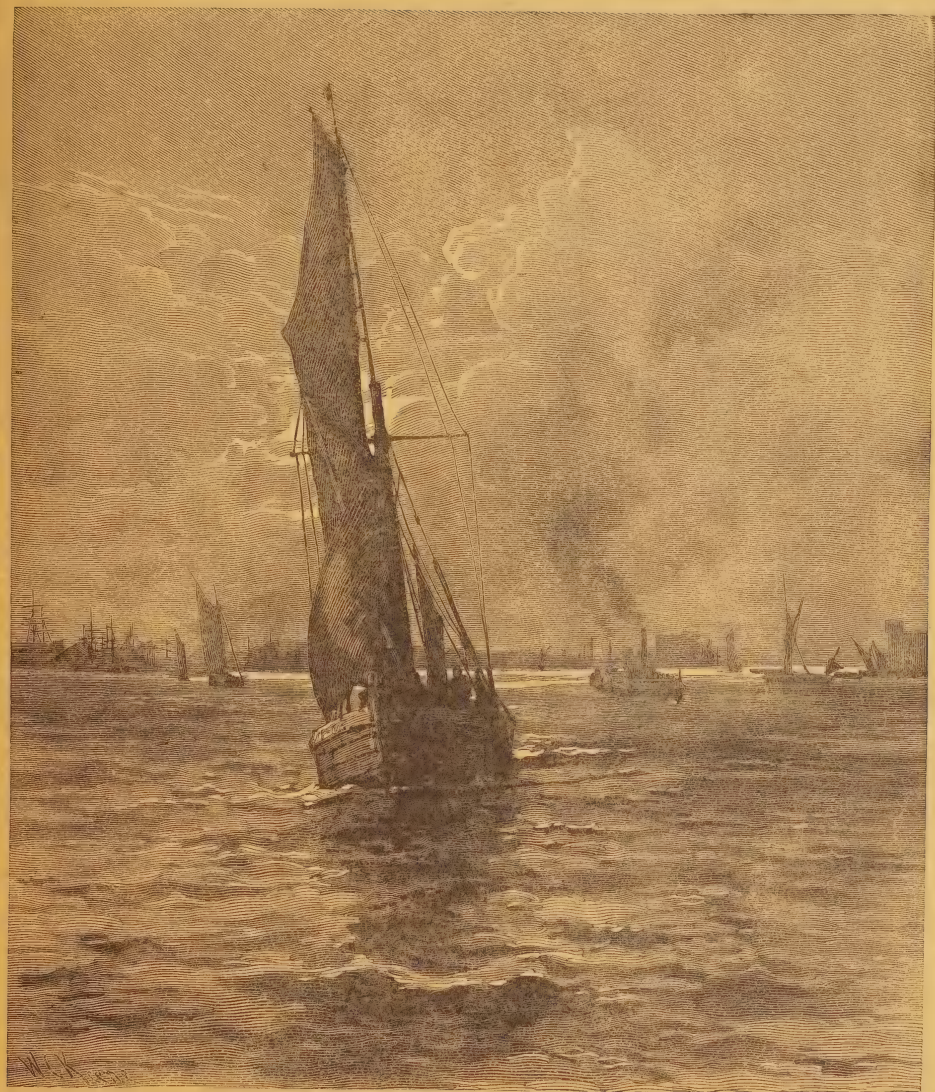
So as soon's this boat is dry,
We'll go fishing, you and I!



THE "LUCY FOSTER"

THE fishing schooner "Lucy Foster" has discharged her load of cod at T Wharf, and now, the wind fair in her favor, is going home to Gloucester. Look! she is ploughing through the "Narrows" and soon will be on open sea. That is what the "Lucy Foster" and her sturdy crew like best. Plenty of water and plenty of wind. As they sail toward Eastern Point the crew sing lustily. Listen! you can hear them:—

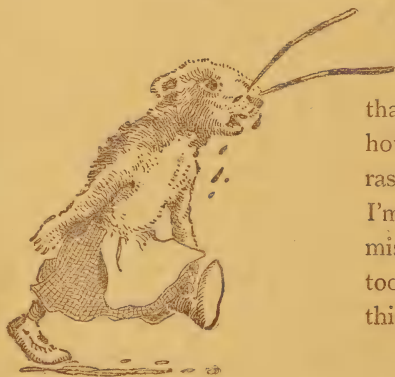
"Oh, she's the Lucy Foster,
She's the best boat out from Gloucester."



THE UNWELCOME LODGER.



THIRTY AUNTY PRAIRIE DOG fixed up the old family burrow and took boarders for the summer. Many travellers stopped there, and besides she had two permanent lodgers, a student Owl and a very well-behaved Snake. One day a funny chap came along with a carpet-bag in hand, and gave his card, Mr. Pork U. Pine; asked for the best corner in the front alcove, regardless of price, and proceeded to make himself at home to an offensive degree. He was a very impudent rascal, that newcomer, and poor Aunty just sighed for his departure.



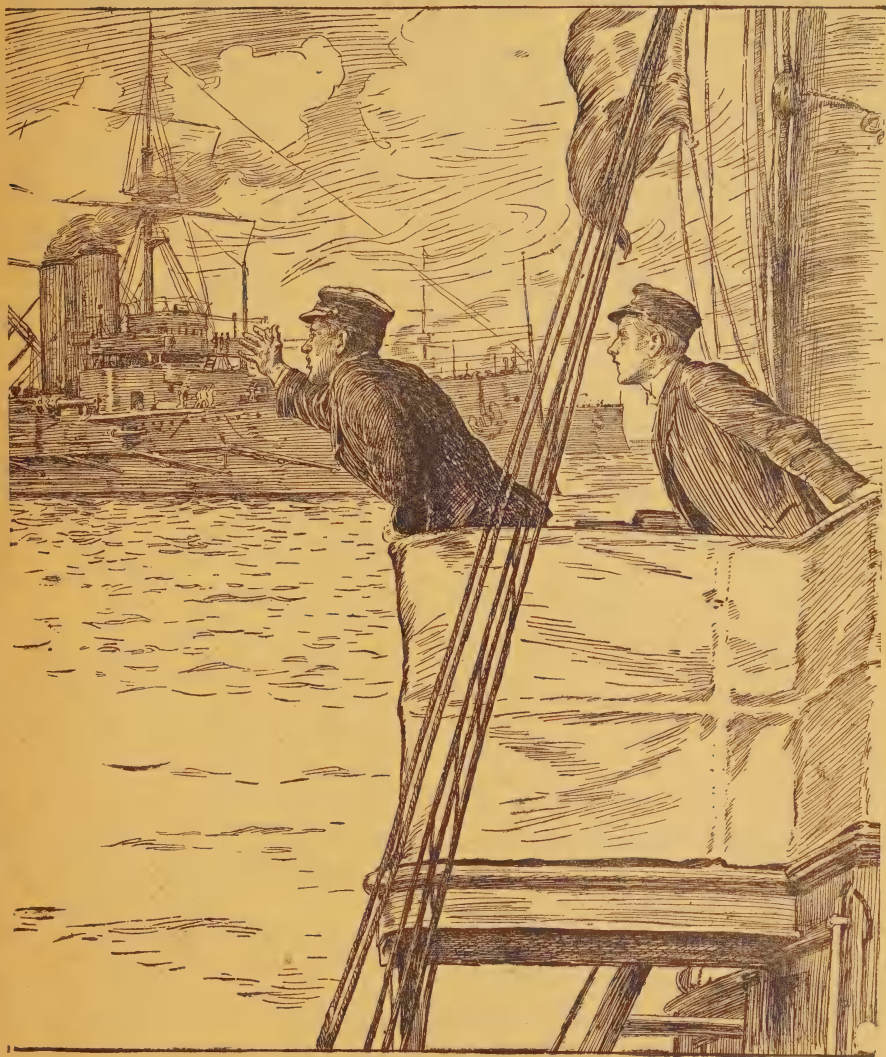
That night he snored so scandalously that the boarders lost all patience and decided to put him out. That was easier said than done, and while they pirouetted and howled after their first and only attempt, the rascal grunted: "Don't trouble yourselves; I'm very comfortable. I will acknowledge I miss the salt air, and that the place is none too fashionable, but as a whole it will do for this summer."





THE RESCUE

DONALD and Duncan were the twin sons of a Scotch sea-captain. One day they were drifting about the bay in their catboat when they came upon a yacht which, for some reason, had been abandoned by her crew. The boys hailed her several times, but had no response. Finally they boarded her and found her deserted. Suddenly Duncan shouted, "Look, look, Don!" And there, coming into the bay, were two great battleships. "They'll tow us into' port," said Don. So the boys shouted and waved their hands frantically. At last from the nearer battleship, "Ship ahoy" came. And soon the yacht, with her two young rescuers still on her deck, was made fast to the stern of the "Blake" and towed ashore. The owners of the deserted yacht were very grateful to Donald and Duncan.



“FIREFLY’S” DILEMMA

MASTER Algernon Marmaduke Jones knew all about hunting. Oh, yes, he knew quite all about it. And this was the result. “I’m sorry you hurt your head, little Master,” neighed Firefly softly, looking out reproachfully from the pool, into which she had stumbled because of her master’s careless driving, “but this water is very cold. So please call that man over in the field. Perhaps he can help me out if you can’t.” And Algernon Marmaduke, the muddy water dripping from him, called loudly.



THE UNEXPECTED CALL

WHEN Clover and Cowslip went up to
the fence,

What do you think they saw?

Why, three little ducklings sound asleep,

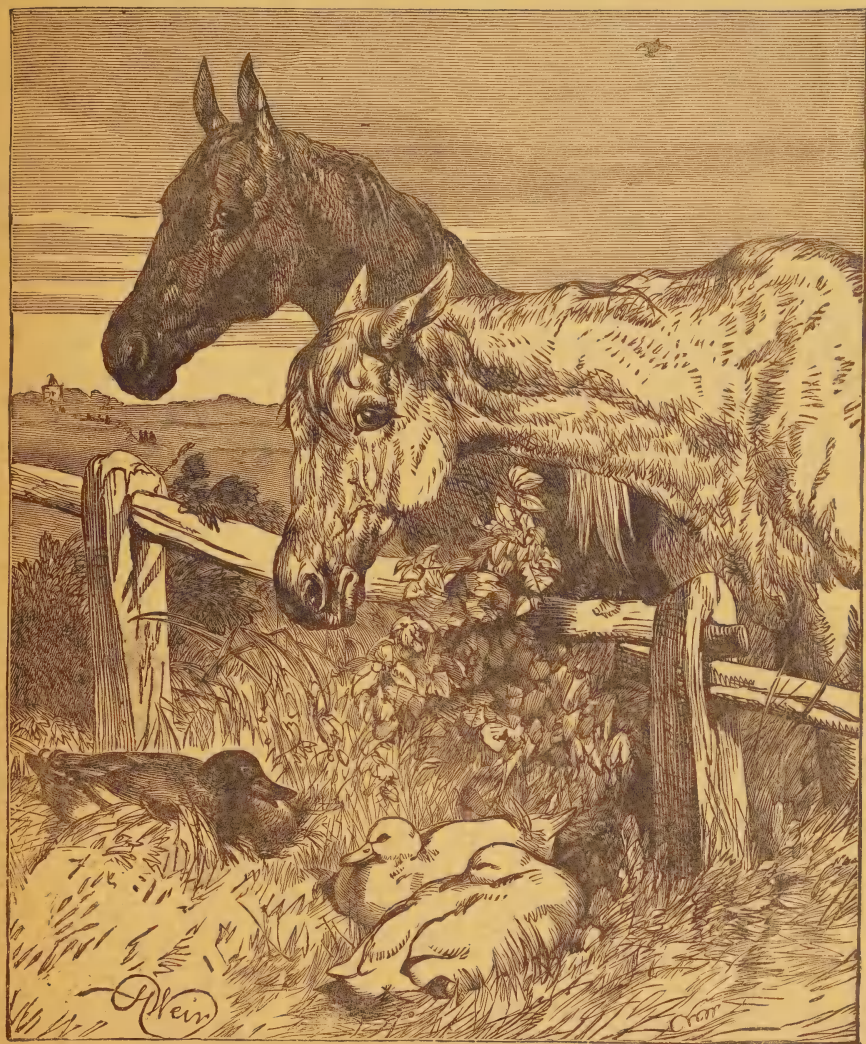
Curled up in a nest of straw.

“Now Cowslip, walk very soft,” Clover said,

“And do not neigh at all;

They might be frightened, should they wake up,

At our unexpected call.”

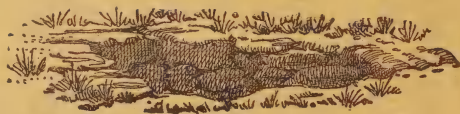


THE WISE FROG.



HEN Paddy Frog married little Greeny Peeper, he decided to give up all his social obligations, so moved away to a pretty though lonely little pond, where

he lived happily and quietly. However, toward the end of the summer, the place dried up completely, and the little family were compelled to pack up and seek a new home. They had been travelling long on the hot dusty road, and little Tad was just dying for a drink, when they spied a deep well. Greeny rushed up to it and found it full of water, clear as crystal, though quite a way down. "Well, I'm just going to jump in and settle here," she said. But just then Paddy came up and, though itching to jump in himself, said calmly, "Just a moment. I guess we'd better move on; if this place should dry up, how would we ever get out?"





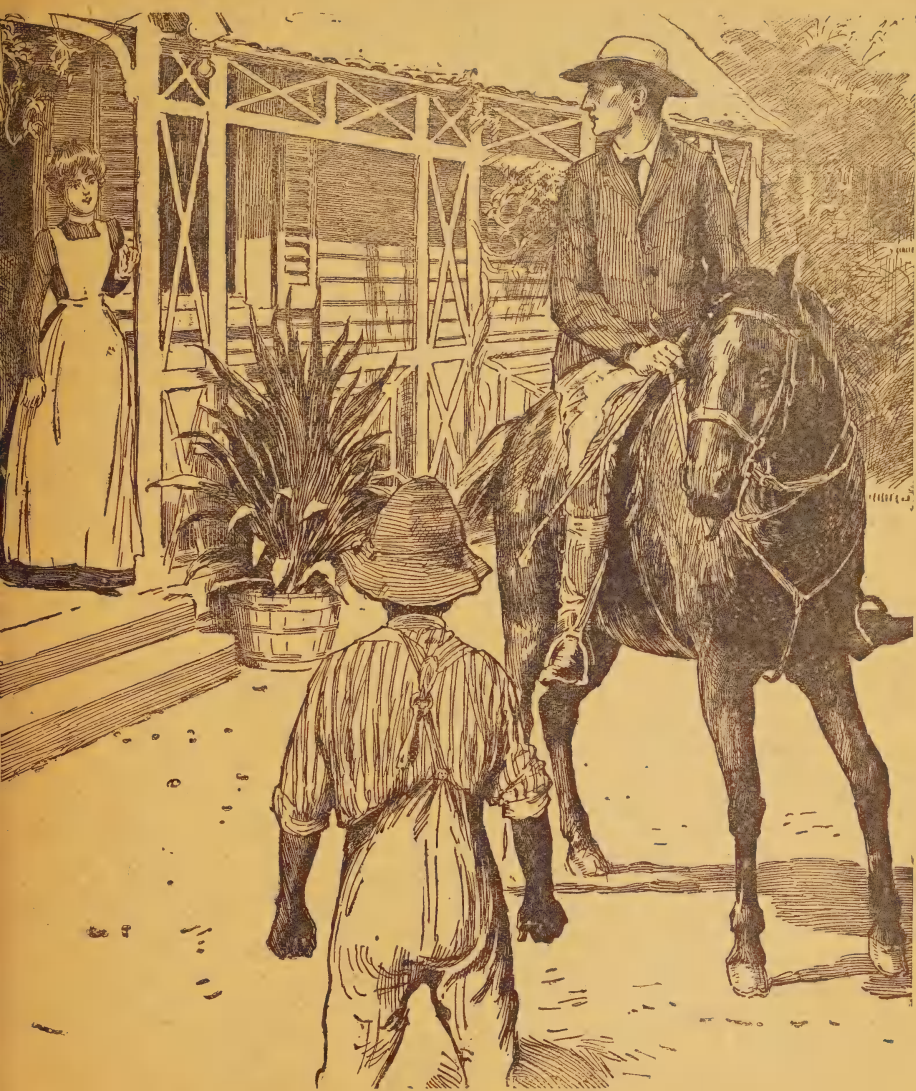
HOW "GINGER" HELPED

"IT was bad enough as it was," said Corporal Doane; "but if Ginger hadn't been plucky I don't believe one of the other mules would have climbed that cliff. Oh, yes, Ginger was terribly scared, and for a while, push and pull him as we might, he wouldn't stir. He quivered all over with fright. Then I said, 'Let's see what coaxing will do!' So I patted Ginger's head, and rubbed it softly between the ears, and all of a sudden Ginger commenced to scramble up the cliff, and the other mules followed. It was mighty hard work, but they behaved like heroes. 'And all because of you, Ginger,' I told him that night, as I gave him an extra measure of feed for his supper."



“MY LADY”

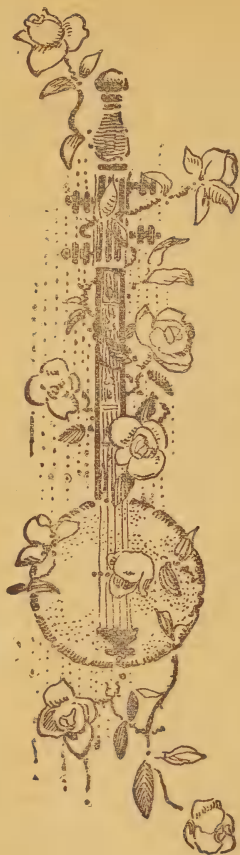
“MY LADY” turned for a last look at Yvette, standing slim and straight against the veranda trellis. The horse was almost as fond of her as her master, Ronald, the Scotch groom. “I’m very glad,” “My Lady” would whinny to herself, “that so many errands take master around to that veranda door every day. Yvette is so thoughtful and has such a nice large pocket on her apron, so I can poke my nose into it, and take out the apples. I don’t wonder master likes her; and the little black Cicero grins when she speaks to him. I’d grin myself if I could. But I can rub my soft nose against her cheek, and that means just the same.”



ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD

THE natives of the Solomon Islands, on the other side of the world, are very proud and fond of their canoes, and use great care and skill in decorating them. They are long and narrow, with high prows on either end beautifully carved and inlaid with shells. Sometimes they have a little covered deck. And the sails are queer affairs made of heavy matting. They look like the great shields the knights carried in the Crusades.





THE MINSTREL.

DURING the summer, this happy-go-lucky Minstrel of a Grasshopper had wiled away the hours with song, and never a thought had he given to the morrow. When winter came and the cold snows covered the ground, he wandered about, half frozen, begging his way as best he could. It happened one very cold evening that he came to the house of a thrifty Ant and knocked at the door. The smoke whirled and twisted from the chimney, and the chattering Minstrel could almost fancy himself with a full belly, toasting his toes by the fire, when the Ant came to the door. "Please, good lady, may I come within? I'll pay you well with music and song." "What did you do all summer?" was soon asked. "I sang, if you please, from morning till night." "Oh, you sang, did you?" said the Ant with sarcasm, "now, then, perhaps you can dance," and slamming the door, left the Grasshopper in the storm.





JUST IN TIME

“**T**HERE isn’t a man on this boat can see as far as Martin,” said the captain of the fisherman, “Lucy B.,” as he filled his pipe again. “Why, one day last summer, when we were anchored off Rocky Point, Martin said to me, pointing to some rocks up the harbor, ‘Something has just fallen over those cliffs, sir!’ ‘Nonsense,’ I said, ‘it was a gull diving into the water.’ So we took a dory and rowed to the place on the rocks where he thought he had seen something fall into the sea. And there, sure enough, was something—it looked like a bundle of clothes floating on the water. Martin grappled it with his boat hook. And I tell you, sir, ’twas a little boy who had climbed too far toward the edge of the cliff and fallen over. Five minutes more and we’d have been too late.”



PRIVATE HARDY

MY father was a colonel of cavalry in the Boer war. In his regiment was a lazy and disorderly man who gave him more trouble than all the rest of his men. One day Private Hardy, instead of doing guard duty, slipped away to take a nap in the bushes. Just as he was going off to sleep, he heard voices. Peering through the bushes, he saw father and one of his captains. "If I were in your place, Colonel," he heard the captain say, "I'd have Private Hardy dismissed from the service. You've borne with him long enough." "I'm going to hang on a while longer," said father. "There's not a man in my regiment takes such good care of his horse, and if a man is kind to his horses there must be good in him." "And I said to myself, sir," Corporal Hardy long afterward told father, "the old man sha'n't be disappointed." And father wasn't.



THE "LADYE BLANCHE"

EVERY morn the Ladye Blanche
Hastened with the King
To a little rose-wreathed inn
Called "The Silver Spring."

There she paused, her proud head high,
While the good King quaffed
Gobletsful of water cool,
As he talked and laughed.

And the Ladye Blanche stood still,
As a lady should,
Listening politely,
As if she understood!



THE CROW AND THE CHEESE.



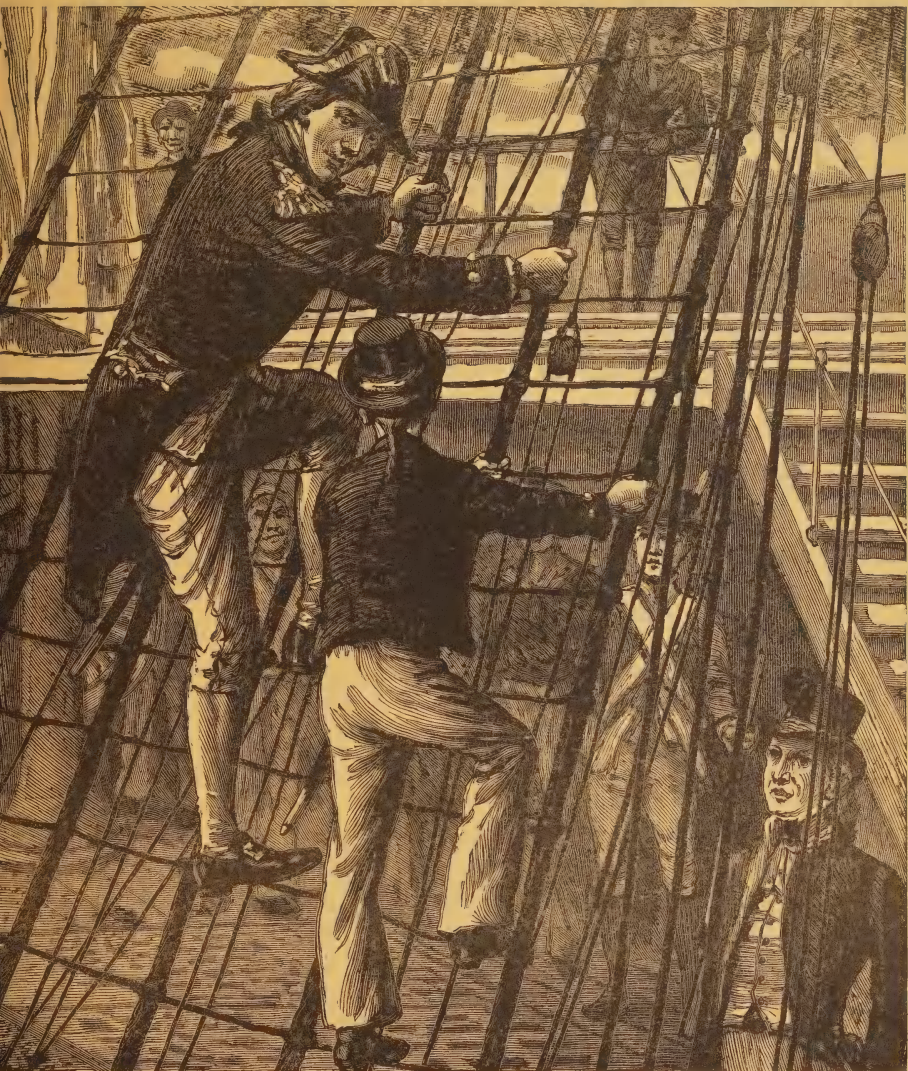
HE Crow, having purchased at a fancy price a large piece of imported cheese, was seen by a scheming Fox, who quietly sat at the base of the tree she was on, and, opening up a large, used-up ledger he had found, mused aloud for the Crow's benefit. "Ah, me! my opera company would indeed be perfect but for the want of a Prima Donna. I suppose I'll be compelled to engage the Nightingale, though how can she compare with the sweet-voiced Crow? Oh, for one sweet note from—" The silly Bird had been listening attentively, and, opening her beak, dropped the cheese and gave vent to a "Caw" that made the green leaves blush. The Fox picked up the cheese and walked off, saying, "Ah, my sweet-voiced Angel, never trust a flatterer."





THE RACE

AMONG the many stories told of Lord Nelson's kindness to his midshipmen is this one. These midshipmen were often very young, and afraid at first to climb, as they were ordered, to the mastheads. Then Nelson would come forward laughing. "I'll race you up those shrouds, lads," he would say. And the middies were so delighted at the fun and the honor of racing with the great Admiral that they would forget all about their fear and run up the shrouds almost as blithely as he. "Doesn't it seem strange that a man should ever be afraid to do a little thing like that?" he would laugh as they reached the masthead. And the middies would always answer, "It surely does, sir."



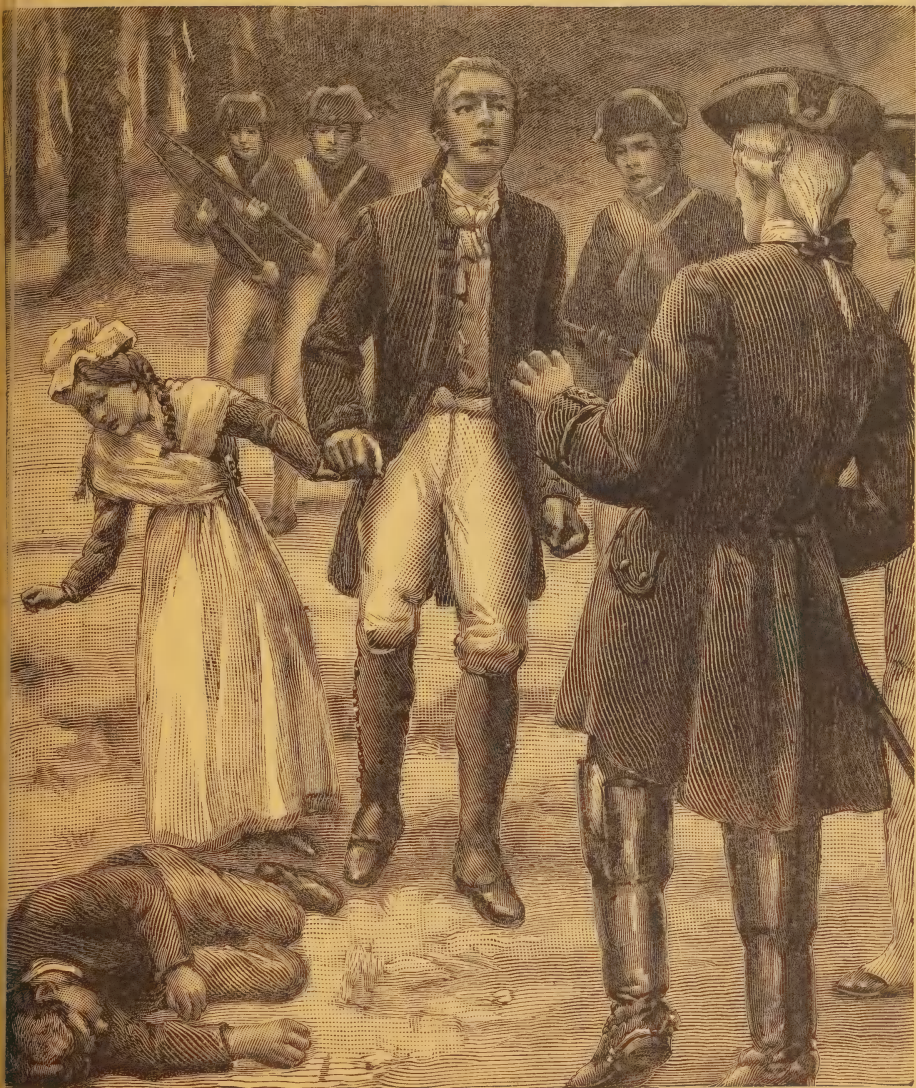
“ALCIBIADES”

I SUPPOSE I am homely. I know I am. I heard Master tell my little mistress, when he brought me to her, I was the homeliest donkey he ever saw, and she'd better name me "Alcibiades." So she did. I hope it means something nice. I wish I were as beautiful as Master's saddle-horse, "Apollo," but I can't be, and that's all there is to it. But I'll be kind and patient, and not sing or kick any more than I can possibly help, and p'raps after a while some one besides little Mistress and the hens will be fond of me.



THE CAPTURE

ONE night, Philip, my great-grandfather, heard a man's voice down-stairs. But at breakfast there was no one besides his grandfather and grandmother and his little sister Pamela. In the afternoon he and Pamela were playing in the woods. Suddenly a party of Hessians commanded by a British officer appeared. Pamela ran away to a cave near by. But Philip stood his ground. "Have you seen a young man about here, little rebel?" said the officer to him. "No," said Philip. Then the officer threatened to shoot him, did he not tell. Philip refused, although worn out with fright he fell at the officer's feet. Then from the cave sprang his father, the man for whom they were searching, holding Pamela by one hand. "Here I am," he said, "take me. I am worth something, having a brave lad like that for my son."



THE KANGAROO AND THE CRABS.



ROWING weary of life in the backwoods, an old bushwhacking Kangaroo decided to try his luck elsewhere, so, swapping his boomerang for a ticket to the beach and a

fish-net, started off on his journey. The Ocean was quite an attraction to him at first, and he enjoyed paddling about immensely. Seeing some strange wriggly objects in the water, he scooped them up in his net and proceeded to make a very careful examination. The Crabs, for such they turned out to be, objected strenuously to his actions, and immediately made fast to his nose and right paw. For a few moments the Kangaroo executed some spontaneous bursts of gymnastics that were truly refreshing, and, when he finally freed himself, he broke his net and commenced the long dusty tramp home, fully convinced that it is not a very healthy or paying investment to dabble in matters out of one's calling.





IN CHINA

DO you know the way,
When donkeys bray,
They stop them in China?
Was never a finer!

A stone is tied to the end of their tails,
And the donkeys stop in the midst of their wails,
And drop their heads as ashamed as can be,
That they cannot move their tails easily.
They are so ashamed, they forget to bray!
And that is the way,
So I have heard say,
They stop them in China!
Was ever a finer?



“SIGMUND”

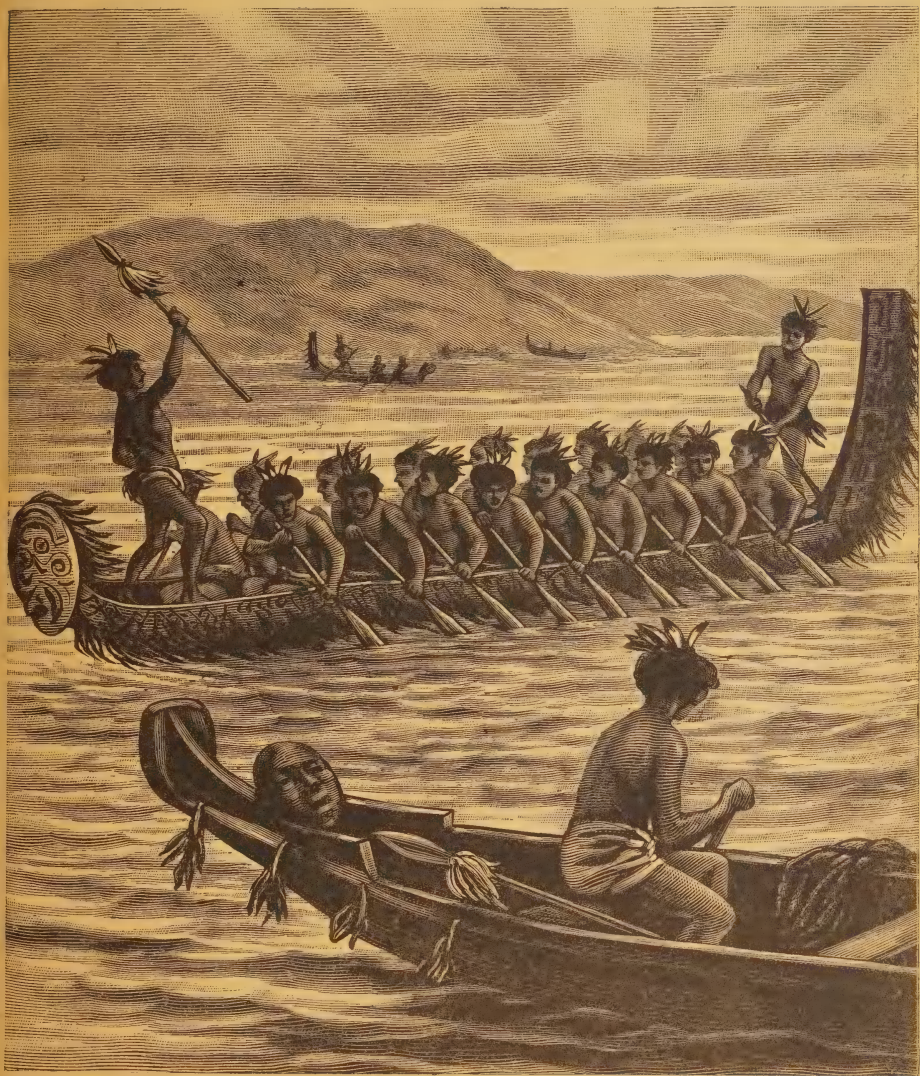
HE does not like it at all—poor Sigmund! But often a horse cannot help himself. His little masters were too young to protect him, and Dave, the gipsy, running from the woods, leaped upon his back, and, turning to taunt the boys with their helplessness, rode swiftly out of the country. But the father of Carroll and Carter is trying his best to find Sigmund. And I like to think that before long he will be back with his kind little masters once more, happy and contented.



IN NEW ZEALAND

I'M a little boy who lives in New Zealand.

Near us live a large number of Maoris, a tribe of natives, who have become civilized and what people call "Christianized." There's a very old man, their chief, who is my friend. I just wish you could hear him tell of the days when he was a little boy. I wish I had lived then before the Maoris were civilized. They used to have such fine times cruising about in their canoes, and conquering all the other tribes. While they paddled along one of the chiefs would stand in the prow of the boat, and, waving his great spear, would sing to them of the victories that their ancestors had won. And brave as they were before, that would make them braver.



THE HUNTED FOX.



A FOX, being hard pressed by a Hound sportsman, saw a farmer Woodchuck at work, and begged of him a place to hide. The Woodchuck said he might go into his cottage, which was near at hand. The Fox was just inside when the Hunter came running up, saying, "Have you seen a Fox?" "No," said the Woodchuck, but at the same time pointed toward the place where the Fox lay. The Hound did not take the hint, however, but made off again. Now the Fox, who had seen all through a chink, came out and walked away without a word. "Well," bawled out the Woodchuck, "can't you even thank your host before you go?" "That's all very well," answered the Fox. "If you had been as honest with your fingers as you were with your tongue, I'd gladly thank you."





GOING CAMPING

“**L**OOK at Billy,” laughed John to his brother Geoffrey, “he’s looking forward to camping just as much as we are!” “That I am, panted Billy, although the boys only thought he neighed; “this load is a bit heavy and it seems a long way to the river; but won’t it be scrumptious when we get there? I think, first thing I do, after they take me out of the shafts, will be to go straight down to the river and stand in the cool water and take a nibble at those reeds. The ones with the nice juicy seeds in them.



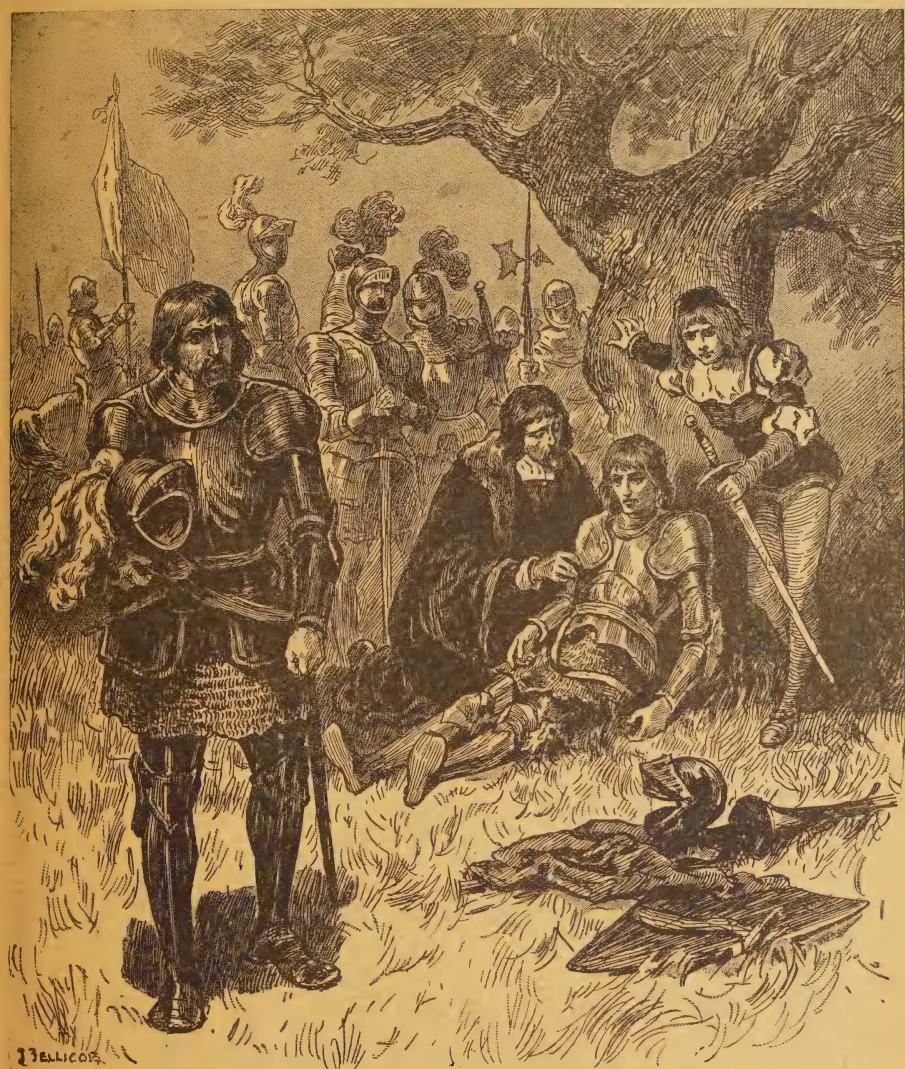
THE DEATH OF BAYARD

O H, a gallant knight was Bayard,
In the good old days.
By his valor and compassion
Winning all men's praise.

At the battle of Rebecco,
There his death-wound came,
While the troops of France were charging
Straight through smoke and flame.

"It is well, for king and country
Men should die," said he,
As they laid him faintly breathing
'Neath an apple-tree.

"Spain had better lost the battle,"
Quoth Spain's leader, near,
"Than the world lose such a warrior,
Sans reproach and fear."



A BRAVE LAD

IN the days when "Good Queen Anne" sat on the English throne, there was a little orphan boy on the Isle of Wight who ran away to sea. Soon after the ship on which he was met a French cruiser. A battle followed. "I wish this battle was over," said the little boy from the Isle of Wight. "So do I," said one of the cannoneers, "but it won't be, lad, until this French ship strikes her colors." The two ships were locked together. Swift as an arrow the boy darted through the smoke, crept upon the French ship, climbed to her masthead, tore down the flag and carried it back through the smoke and flame to the commander of the English ship. "Here are the French colors, sir," he said, saluting. "And now the battle's over and we've won." The little lad became the famous Admiral Hopson.



THE SPENDTHRIFT.



PRODIGAL Leopard, who had run through his money and even sold all his outer clothes, with the exception of his overcoat (a fine fur-lined affair that he had procured mischief only knows where), seeing a Swallow skimming along one cool spring morning, immediately made up his mind that Summer had really come. Now, having come to this conclusion, he made straight for the nearest pawn-shop and immediately got rid of his overcoat, and then proceeded to spend the money lavishly. The next morning it snowed; the thermometer stood twenty in the sun; and the Leopard stumbled along, half-frozen and numb, with only a pack of cigarettes and his pawn-ticket to his name. It was not long before he came upon the Swallow, lying stiff and dead upon the ground. "Foel," the Leopard grunted, "had you not come before your time I should not now be so miserable."





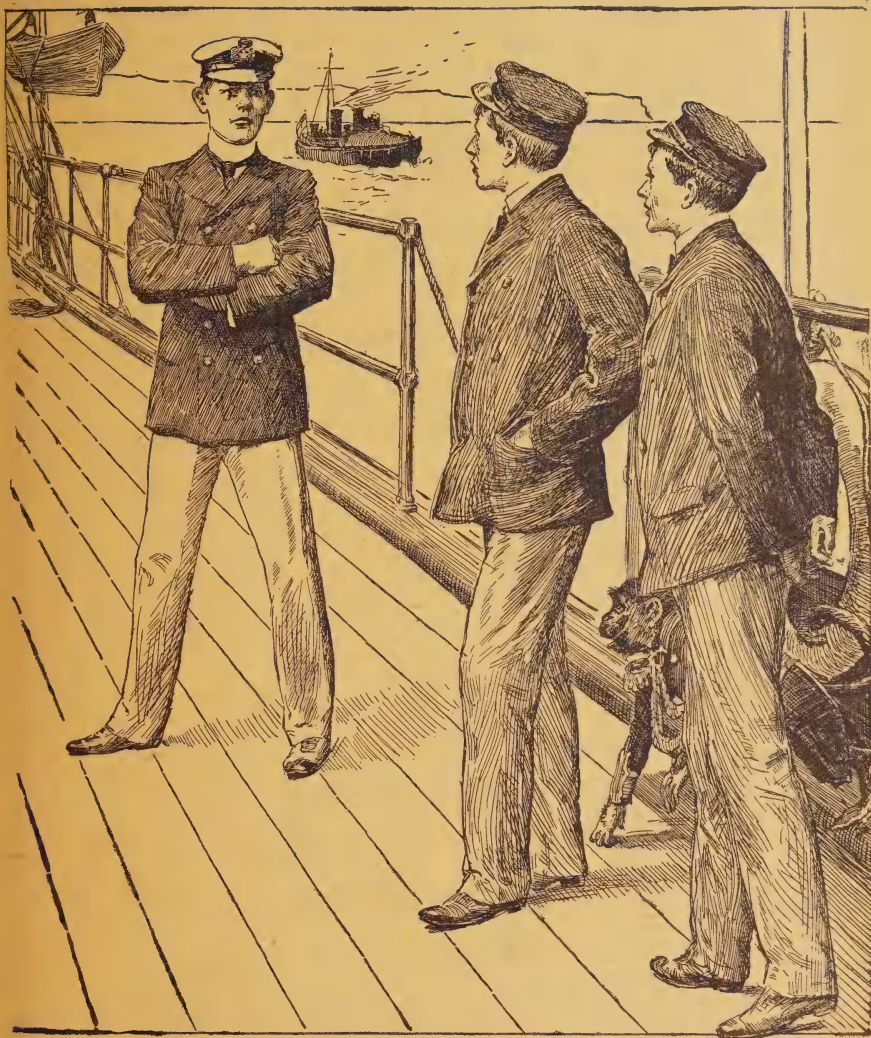
A HARD DUTY

IT was in the Franco-Prussian war, when the French were besieging Sevres. "Jean," called Captain Lefebre to one of the tall artillerymen, "aim at that little cottage, down there among those poplars." Crash went the cannon. The cottage was blown to pieces. "Good shot," laughed the captain, "you never miss your mark, Jean." But when he turned to the artilleryman, he saw tears rolling down his cheeks. "What's the matter, man?" asked the captain. "That was my house," Jean answered. "It was all I had in the world." Then he straightened himself and saluted. "Vive l'Empereur," he cried.



A RUDE MIDSHIPMAN

THE strange midshipman had neglected to salute the quarterdeck when he came on board the "Sea Bird." Even Admiral Jim, crouching behind Graham and Jack, noticed that. "Where's your captain?" the middy demanded rudely of the boys. "When you've saluted the quarterdeck perhaps I'll tell you," calmly replied Graham. Jack moved a little closer to his brother, to be ready in case of need. Suddenly from behind them shot Admiral Jim and, springing to the midshipman's shoulder, tore off his cap and flung it on the deck. "Good for you, Jim," cried the brothers. "And as for you, sir," Graham said, turning toward the startled and angry midshipman, "I guess next time you board a ship, you'll remember to salute the quarterdeck."



THE RACE

TROT — trot —

Brownie and Spot —

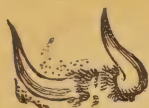
The prize, a kiss from Mother!

And I don't care, you know,

If Brownie is slow, —

She'll kiss me as well as Brother!





TAKING NO CHANCES.

THE Hare excitedly ran up to the ferry ticket-stand, dropped his valise, and, hunting in his change pocket, demanded a ticket.

"Round trip?" asked the Turtle gate-keeper. "No, sir; I'm off for good. Haven't you heard the news? Why, King Leo, while going home late last night on his new wheel, stumbled on some creature with horns and punctured his tire. In rage, this day, he has issued a proclamation, exiling all creatures with horns or antlers of every description." The Turtle laughed. "But, you great fool, you have no more horns than I have." "Just as you please," replied the Hare, "but if my ears were only half as long as they are, they'd be long enough for any one to lay hold of who wished to make them out to be horns. Good-bye. Regards to the folks."





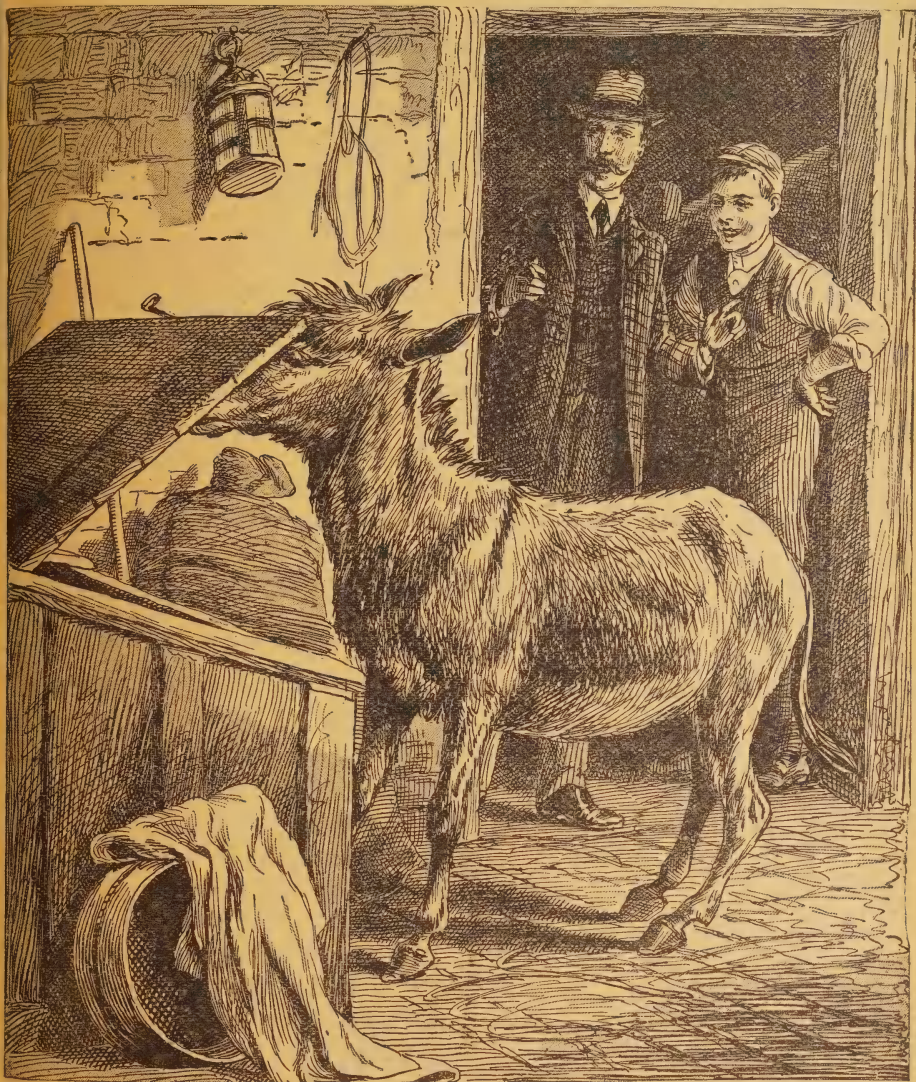
A FAITHFUL FRIEND

ALL through that Christmas eve dinner Captain Hartwell noticed that his favorite drummer boy Peter was scarcely eating anything, and was very sober, while all around were laughing and joking. After dinner Captain Hartwell went to where Peter sat and asked him what was the matter. "I'm all right, sir," said Peter, "only I'm sorry like for Dickie. He's my chum in Company K, and he's on picket to-night and won't have any Christmas dinner." The captain ordered a big bag to be brought, and gave it to Peter. "Fill it, lad," he said kindly, "and when your chum comes in from picket, give it to him." Peter looked up in the captain's face and laughed happily. "That I will, thank you, sir," he said.



TEDDY

“**C**OME quick, sir!” called Jim, the stable boy. I ran to the door of the shed, and there stood Teddy, the children’s new donkey, calmly lifting the lid of the grain chest, intent on the feast before him. We could not help laughing at his cleverness, and I told Jim to give him some carrots, when he had him safely tied in his stall.



MEDDLESOME CHARLEY

CHARLEY had to have many lessons before he learned not to meddle with affairs which did not concern him. The crew of the "North Star" had caught a large shark. It was not yet killed, and was towed along by a heavy rope. Charley thought it would be fine fun to loosen the rope and see the shark try to escape. So he did. He watched the shark delightedly for awhile. Then he commenced to haul in the rope. But master shark was too strong for 'him. Finally Charley had to call one of the crew to help him. Just then the captain and some of the ship's officers came on deck. "Meddling again, sir?" thundered the captain. "I guess a little solitary confinement will help cure you of that habit." And it certainly did.



THE CRAFTY PHYSICIAN.



CROWN PRINCE TIGER was very sick, and though Doctor Wolf filled him with tonics, pills, and the like, his condition remained the same. Doctor Reynard, the Wolf's only and hated professional rival in that district, called one day, and feeling of the Tiger's pulse, looked worried indeed. He knew the Wolf had been speaking ill of him behind his back, so he now made an audacious move to settle matters. "Dear Prince, you're not long for this world. However, there is but one hope, and that alone can save you. You must wrap yourself carefully in the skin torn from a freshly killed Wolf." In a short time the former Doctor had lost his life, and by some chance the Tiger recovered. Doctor Fox, having then no competitors, held the job of court physician, and grew fat on a good income, for which he had his wits to thank.





THE DISCONTENTED SAILOR

JACK would be a sailor,
Sail the ocean blue.
With a ho-yo, ho-yo-ho,
Nothing else to do.

So he joined the squadron,
But he found full soon,
It was work, and work, and work,
Morning, night, and noon.

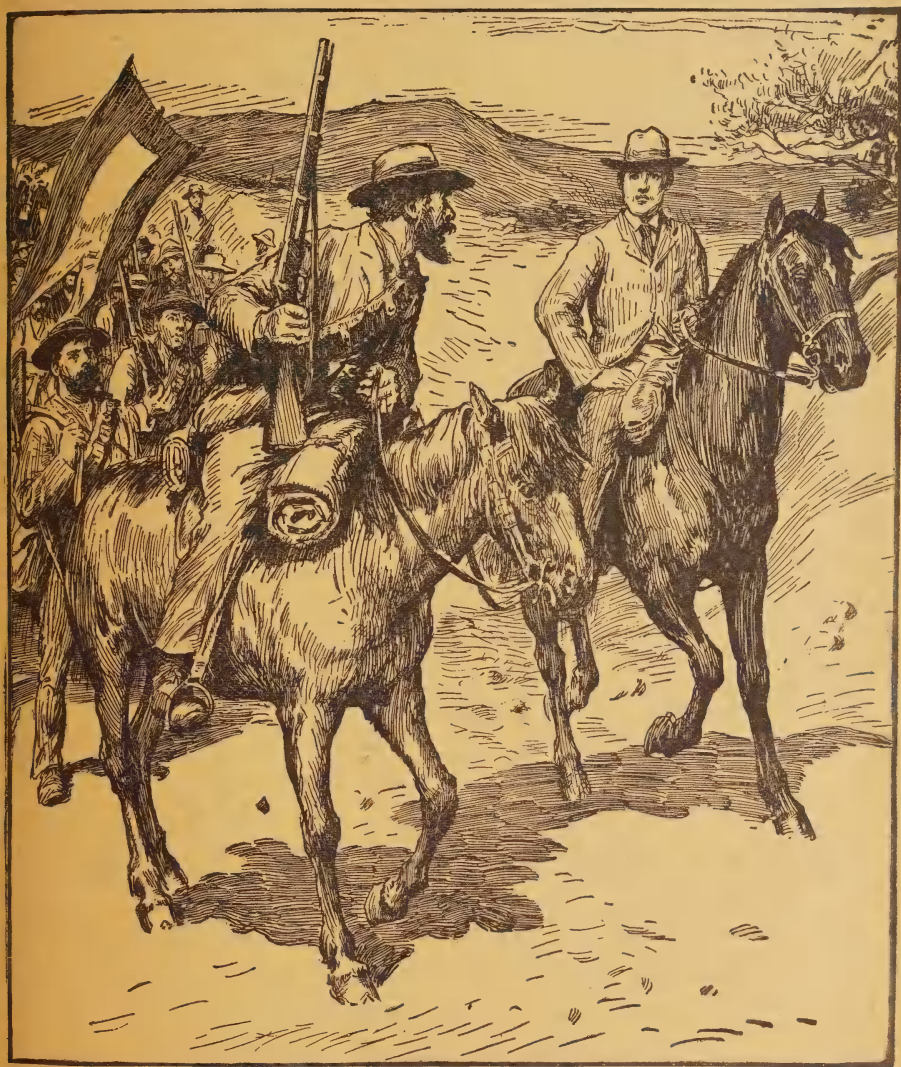
Polishing the brasses,
Scrubbing up the decks,
Climbing up the rigging,
Drenched from feet to neck.

"Tell you what," cried Jackie,
To his mate, Ted Brooks,
"'Tain't much like the sea life
That you read in books."



“EGMONT”

JAN rode up to the Boer officer. “The English are planning to attack you when you reach Orange Cross Roads,” he said quietly. “How do you know, sir?” asked Colonel Van Brunt gruffly. “Because I heard them say so,” said Jan, “this morning at Fort Buller.” “Fort Buller!” echoed the Boer officer in amazement. “However could you have reached here in this time?” “You evidently never saw Egmont before,” laughed Jan, patting his roan horse. “He’s galloped every step of the way, and look, he’s as fit as when he started.” And Egmont tossed his head proudly; as behooved a brave horse that had saved a whole regiment from disaster.



A BRAVE WOMAN

IN 1812 the French army was besieging Cadiz. One of the wounded Spaniards suffering from thirst cried out for water. His wife, who had followed him to the defence of the city, asked a drummer boy to go to the well near by and bring a bucket of water. But the well was under fire, and the boy refused to go. Then she asked soldier after soldier. But all refused. Then under the terrible fire she walked straight to the well, and filled her bucket. A bomb burst close by and a splinter broke the handles of the bucket. But the woman saved the precious water and carried it to her husband. Some one asked her afterward if she had not been afraid. "I do not know," she answered, "I did not think of anything save that he wanted the water."

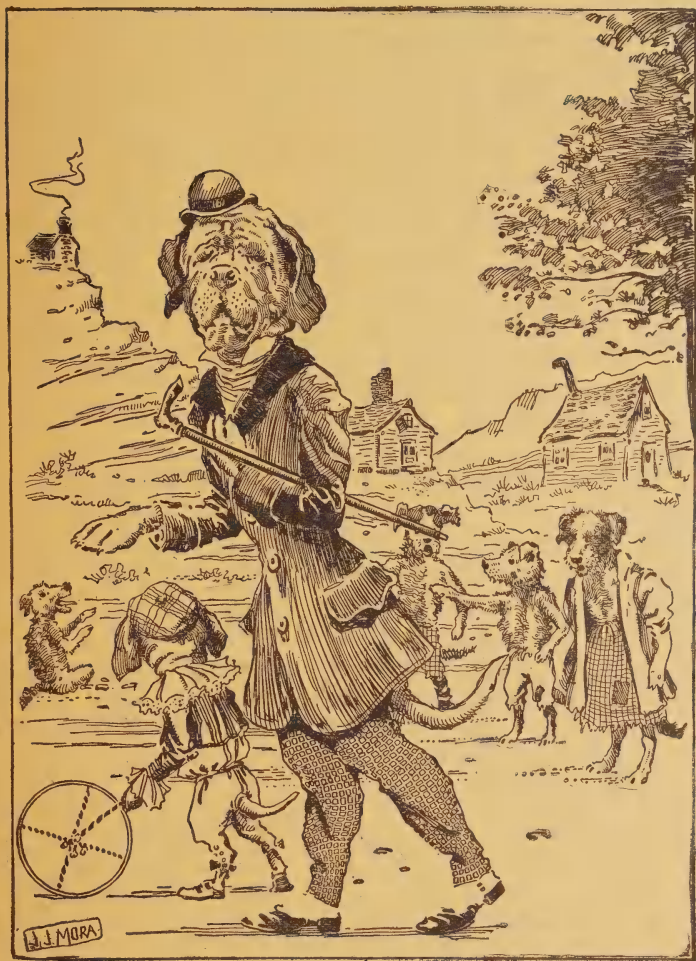




THE MASTIFF AND THE CURS.

HAPPENED one day, as a very aristocratic Mastiff was walking sedately with one of his Puppies through the streets of Curville, that all the younger residents of the place crowded about and called them all kinds of names. "Dudes!" they would yell. "Don't you think you're swell!" "My, how grand!" "Oh, what airs!" The little Mastiff was so enraged at these insults that he asked his Sire to fall upon the ragged crowd and tear them to pieces. "Tut, tut," answered the old one, with great calmness, "if there were no Curs in this world, you would not be an Aristocrat."





BRAVE NANCY

ADAMS and Esther were crossing the Western plains with their father. He had forbidden them to go out of sight of the great wagon, called a "prairie schooner." But one day when he was sleeping they mounted Nancy the roan mare, and started off to explore. Looking over a great boulder they saw a party of Indians asleep, in its shadow. Half paralyzed they turned back to find a swift river in their path. But Nancy plunged straight into it, and with Esther clinging to her back, and Adams swimming beside her, carried the terrified children back to their father. "I guess we'll love Nancy all our lives," whispered Esther to Adams, as she said good night. "And I guess we'll mind father, too," answered the lad soberly.



“ DOBBIN ”

DOBBIN is my birfday donkey.
Soon as I was done

Wif my breakfus', Daddy took me,
Pick-a-back, (such fun!)

To the barn, where that dear donkey
Stood waiting for me.

“Who's he for?” I asked Dad, pointing.
“Birfday gif',” laughed he.

An' I've loved him very dearly
Ever since he came;

An' I named my donkey Dobbin,
'Cos I like that name!



A BRAVE DEED

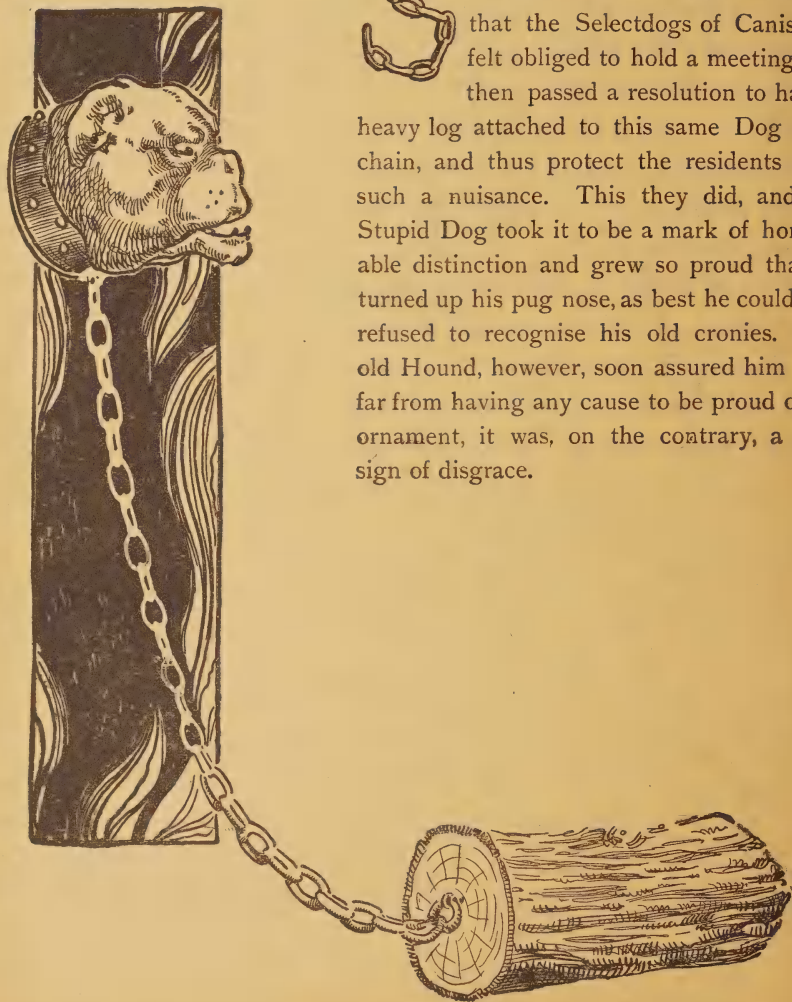
AT the battle of Waterloo the color bearer of a Scottish regiment was killed. As he fell one of his comrades leaped forward to save the colors. But the hands of the dead color bearer were folded so tightly about the staff they could not be loosened. The French troops were all around. But undismayed the brave Scottish soldier lifted his dead comrade and carried the heavy burden back to his regiment. Brave themselves, the French troops recognized and paid tribute to the bravery of this Scottish soldier. They not only ceased firing but cheered him lustily as he staggered through their lines.



THE PUBLIC NUISANCE.

SO mean, so snappy, and so objectionable was a certain Bulldog, that the Selectdogs of Canistown felt obliged to hold a meeting, and then passed a resolution to have a

heavy log attached to this same Dog by a chain, and thus protect the residents from such a nuisance. This they did, and the Stupid Dog took it to be a mark of honourable distinction and grew so proud that he turned up his pug nose, as best he could, and refused to recognise his old cronies. An old Hound, however, soon assured him that, far from having any cause to be proud of his ornament, it was, on the contrary, a sure sign of disgrace.





THE YOUNG NATURALISTS

“**H**UMAN beings do very queer things,” said Admiral Jim to himself, as he sat on the rail of the “Sea Bird,” looking down at Graham’s and Jack’s “catch.” “A white fish,” Admiral Jim went on, “and a black fish, and a horrid looking crab. I’ll keep out of the way of that crab. I remember I met one once.” And he rubbed one of his paws against his cheek. But the young naturalists were delighted with their catch. “When I’m a man,” said Graham, “I shall go in for deep-sea study.” “And I’ll go with you,” cried Jack, who always approved of what his brother did. So they sat down on the deck looking over their treasures from the sea, and planning how one day they would have a ship of their own, and go on a voyage around the world deep-sea fishing. And the plans the brothers, two famous naturalists now, made that day, have all come true.



CORPORAL TIM'S STRATEGY

“**W**ONDER if there’s any of them Rooshians in the bushes yonder,” said Private Riley to Corporal Hunt as they were crouching behind one of the earth barricades thrown up before Sebastopol. “I’ll soon find out,” answered Corporal Hunt. He took off his helmet and put it on the top of his musket. Then he knelt close to the barricade and lifted the musket so that his helmet just showed above the breastwork. The instant it appeared—crash came a Russian bullet, going straight through the helmet. “Well, we’ve found out,” he laughed, putting the riddled helmet back upon his head.





WHEN KITTY-KINS WENT TO CHURCH

“**N**OW what do you want,” the beadle cried,
“And why come you here, I pray?
This isn’t the place for a donkey at all,
So turn round and go right away!”

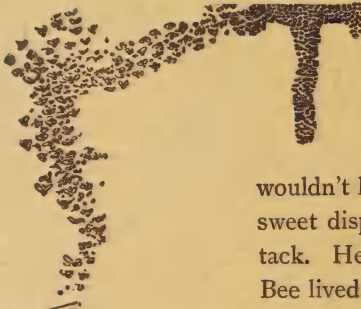
Then Kitty-Kins smiled and wagged her ears,
And her tail, a-gree-a-blee;
“My little master’s in church,” she brayed,
“And so it’s the place for me!”

But Saunders, the beadle, drove her out,
And Kitty-Kins had to wait
Till the sermon was done and the hymns were sung,
And her master came to the gate.








THE BEAR AND THE BEES.



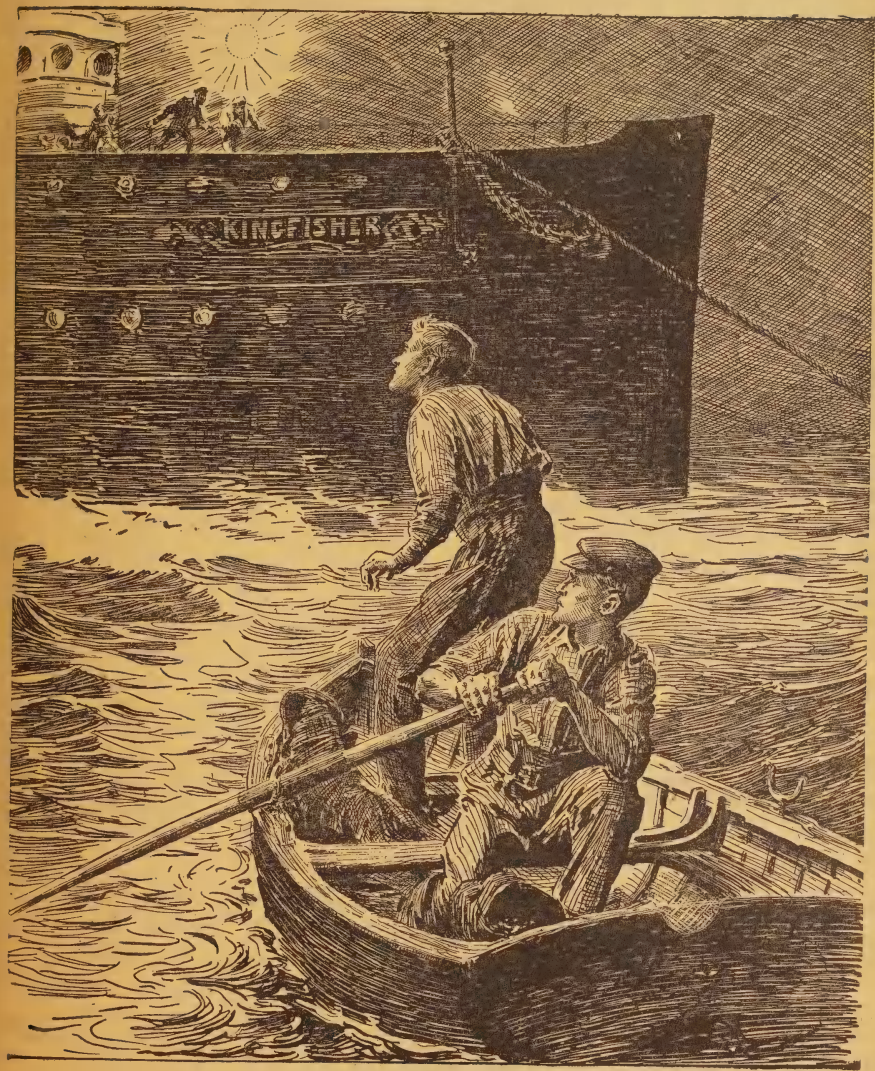
THE Bear was shuffling along through the woods, when a little Bee, who was unable to find his temper, landed on his nose and stung him smartly. Well, you wouldn't have given a penny for that Bear's sweet disposition, two seconds after the attack. He just happened to know where that Bee lived, and started off on a run, quite decided to take revenge on the whole family. He found them all at home, and it was not long before he remembered that he was due for a swim that very moment. "Wow!" he roared, as he made for the river, completely eclipsing all previous attempts at sprinting. . . . He wandered home that evening very painfully, and his wife, mistaking him for a freak from the neighbouring circus, barred the door and compelled him to pass the night on the wood-pile. "Ah," he groaned, "better had I passed over the outrage from one rascal, than to draw the whole mob about my ears."





IN THE FOG

GEORGE and Harry had gone far down the bay fishing. With the ebb of the tide a heavy wind came from the west, blowing in the fog, which soon shut in the boat and its occupants. The boys could not see a foot on either side. They rowed hard, but the current was too strong for them and, little by little, they found they were being carried out to sea. Suddenly they saw the lights of a steamer bearing down upon them. "They'll run us down," cried George, looking over his shoulder. Then Harry stood upright in the bow of the little boat. "Ship ahoy, ship ahoy!" he shouted. At once lights flashed on the bow of the steamer. "Who is there?" called the captain. "Two boys in a boat," cried Harry. And soon after two very thankful and hungry boys were seated at the captain's table, having something warm to eat.



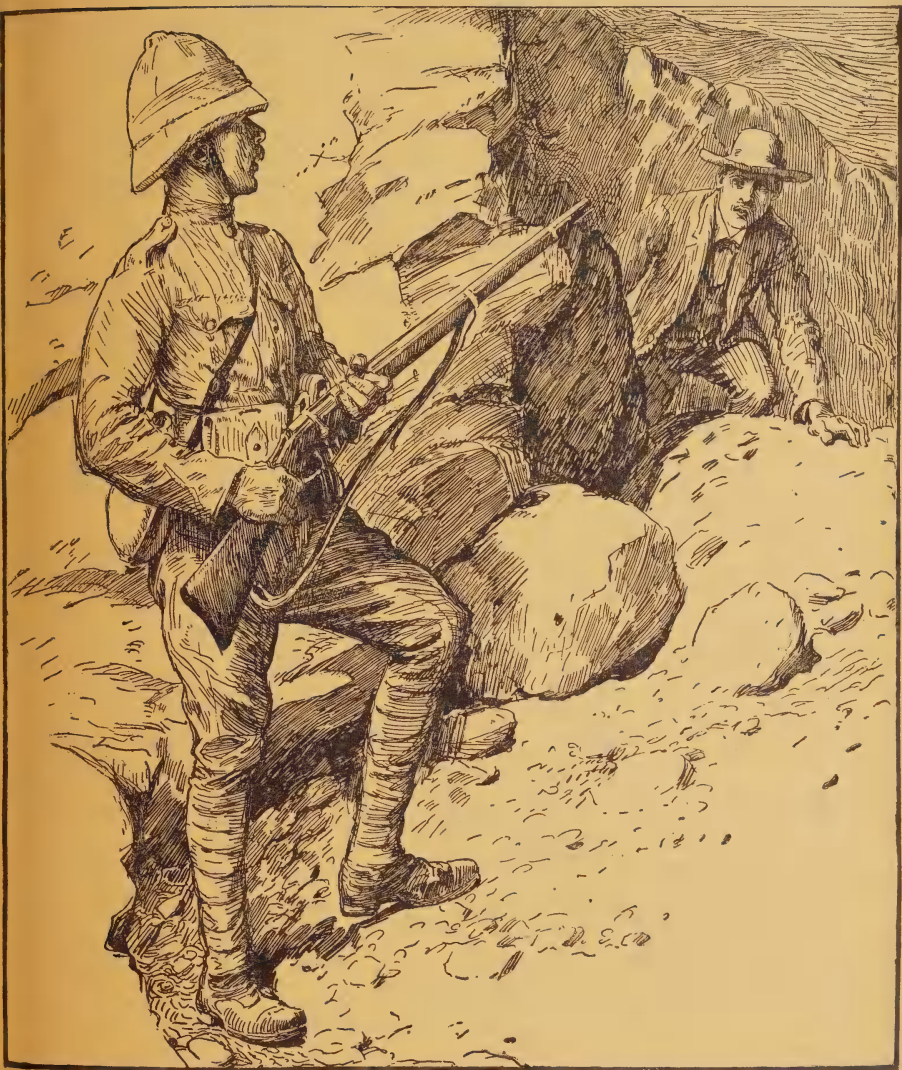
“MAXWELTON”

“**M**AXWELTON?” I s’pose it is an odd name. This is how it happened. When I first came here master brought a friend of his to the stable to see me. I spoke to them both just as politely and pleasantly as I could. “I should call that fellow Maxwellton,” said Master’s friend, as he stroked my ears. “Why on earth that?” asked Master, staring first at me and then at his friend. “Because his brays are so bonny,” laughed his friend. I’ve been thinking it over ever since, but I can’t understand it yet. However, I’m glad I mean something pleasant.



THE DISPATCHES

SERGEANT JAMESON had volunteered to carry dispatches through the Boer lines to the English troops trying to relieve Ladysmith. The dispatches were at the bottom of a box of sandwiches. Jameson was climbing over a kopje within sight of the English lines when suddenly he was halted by a Boer picket. Jameson wore citizens' clothes, and declared he was a farmer going to the town beyond. The Boer searched him, but found nothing suspicious upon him. "Have a sandwich?" asked Jameson. The Boer took one, and then another, and then another. There was only one sandwich left. But the Boer, though rough, was polite. "I'll leave one for you," he laughed; "you'll need it before you get to Weeden." Before night the dispatches were within the English lines.



THE SIMPLE GOAT



REYNARD fell into a deep, watery pit one day, and his cries for help brought a simple old Goat to the spot. "Haven't you heard?" said the Fox. "Why, there's going to be a great drought. Come down quick, or you'll die of thirst." The foolish Goat never gave a thought to the proposition, but splashed down and drank his fill. "Now," said Reynard, "I'll get out and procure some food for both of us. Just rear up against the wall, and by the aid of your horns I can climb up." "By my beard," exclaimed the Goat, "how I wish I had your brains!" The Fox soon clambered out and then commenced to rail his stupid friend. "Don't drink too much, old chap, for you'll need it all. If you'd only as much brain as beard, you'd be all right. However, never again take the advice of a fellow in difficulties."





CYRUS, KING OF PERSIA

ONCE there was a King of Persia,
Very brave and good,
Ruling o'er his realm with kindness,
As a monarch should.

But of all his countless titles,
That he loved the best
Was the sacred name of "Father,"
Given by those he blessed.

On his tomb at Pasargadal,
Crumbling to decay,
"I'm Cyrus, King of Persia,"
One can read to-day.



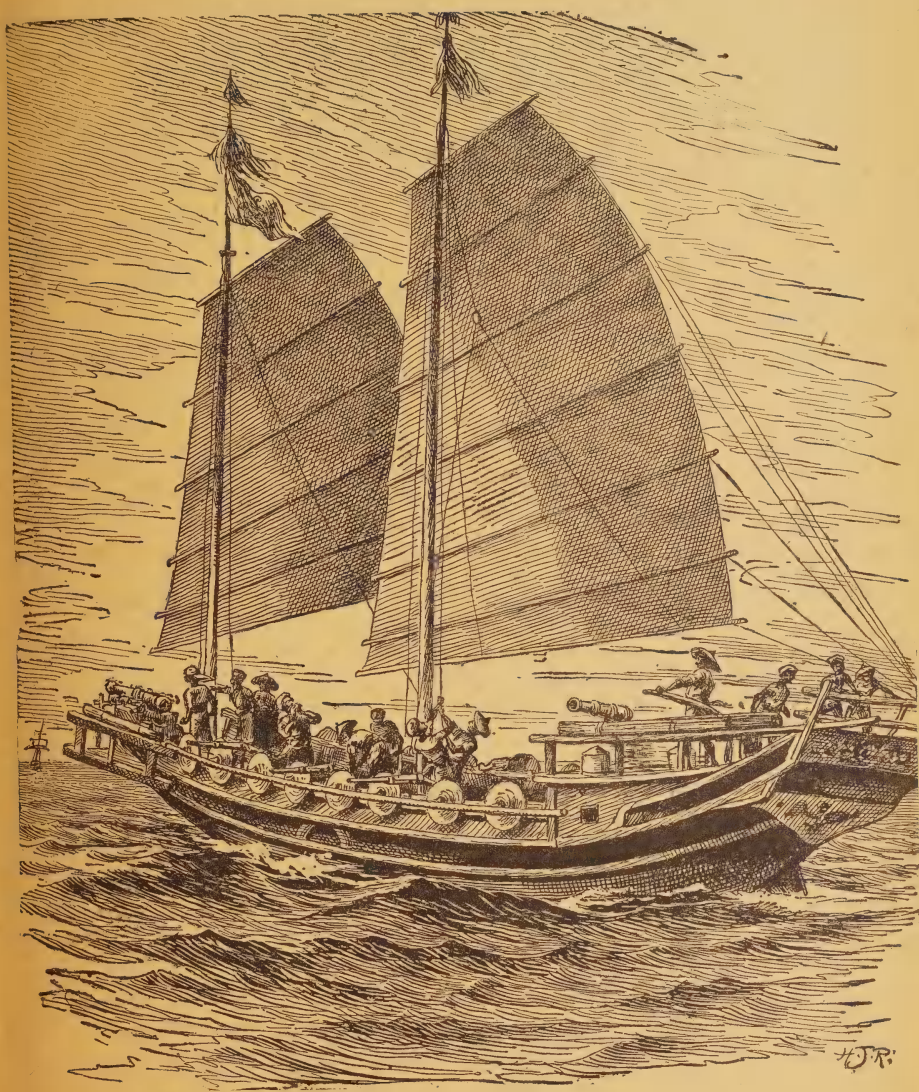
“RIENZI” AND “ADMIRAL JIM”

WHEN Admiral Jim's seafaring days were over, he settled down contentedly to country life. He became very fond of horses, particularly of Rienzi, the racer. His master had a jockey's suit made for Admiral Jim, and many a day, mounted on Rienzi's back, the clever monkey rode blithely to hounds. Every one who saw him was greatly amused. But Rienzi and Admiral Jim took it as a matter of course. One day they led the racers, and Rienzi, leaping a brook, won the prize. Ever after that a blue ribbon hung over his stall and one just like it was pinned on Admiral Jim's waistcoat.



A PIRATE SHIP

ONE of papa's Chinese coolies told me that once when he was a seaman the ship that he was on was chased and almost captured by a pirate proa. Wo Fang says that pirate ships come on like the wind. And all along her sides were hung shields and at both ends were brass cannon. Her great sails made of palm leaves were all set. "Ship ahoy," shouted the captain of the pirate proa, only he said it in Malay words. But the "Dragon of Gold" just crowded on more sail, even when a shot from the pirate ship crashed across her bow. And although the shots from the proa's guns tore her rigging and sails, the friendly wind soon carried her beyond reach of them.



THE COVETED OYSTER.



TWO famous beauties, Miss Hippy Potamus and Miss Phelis Cougar, while bathing at a swell watering resort, came upon an Oyster, and both stooped at the same time to pick it up. Forgetting their boarding-school manners, they pushed each other rudely, and soon a dispute ensued. Just then a Lobster happened along and they determined to refer the matter to him, which of the two had the better right to the prize. They told their stories, and then the Arbitrator pried open the shell, loosened the Oyster, and said solemnly: "Ladies, as Judge I will now give my verdict. You have both strong cases, and I will award you each a shell. The Oyster will cover the cost of Court," and then, just as solemnly, swallowed it and walked away.





THE ESCAPE

LIEUTENANT RAY of the 1st Cavalry was captured by some Boers, on their way to Johannesburg. Dragging behind, little by little, Ray waited for a chance to escape. After awhile it came. Bending over his horse's neck, he whispered, "Save me, Duke!" With a bound, the fine animal wheeled and galloped across the veldte. One of the Boers fired repeatedly after the escaping man. But Ray bent low in his saddle and Duke ran as he had never run before, and soon had carried his master safely within the English lines.



THE FISHERMAN

RALPH would be a fisherman,
Bought an oilskin coat,
Very fine, and covering him
From his knees to throat.

Bought some heavy rubber boots

And a sou'wester ;

"Now don't I look seaman like,
Mr. Foster, sir ?

"When I take the 'Phyllis' out,
Hope we meet a squall.
Then you'll see how I can sail,
'Thout a reef at all."

"Better have a little care,
Reef her when you can,
'Tisn't clothing, Master Ralph,
Makes a fisherman !"



THE MASCOT

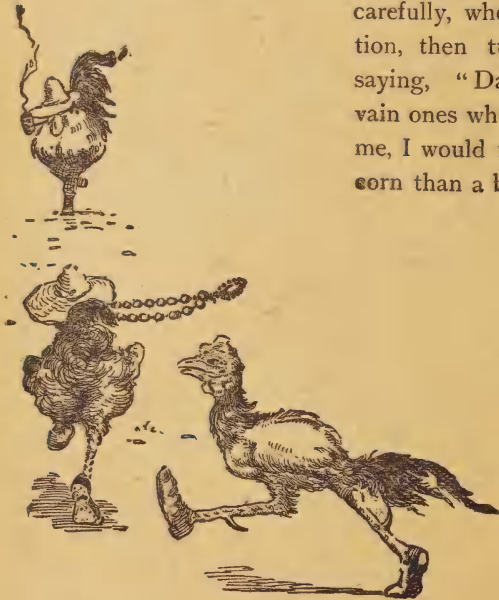
“**T**HERE’S not a dog in the service like our Mascot, ‘Corporal Trim,’” said Sergeant Lucia of the 17th, stroking the collie’s head. “Want to hear how we found him? Well, one day we were after some Filipinos that had raided a village, killed or captured the people and burnt all the houses. As we went up the little street we saw the ‘Corporal’ lying on the doorstep in front of one of the ruined houses. He was keeping watch over his dead master and mistress inside. He was mighty glad to see us, I can tell you. We petted him and bound up his wounds. And since then, he’s been the Mascot of the 17th.”



UNCLE COCKEREL AND THE NECKLACE.



TWO young Chicks, one day, while playing hop-sotch on the dusty road, came upon a beautiful necklace of pearls, and, dazzled by its beauty, they then imagined themselves to be about the swellest and most important chicks that ever existed. So with proud hearts they quickly carried the prize to their Uncle Cockerel, who was at the time standing on one leg, enjoying his corn-cob pipe. He looked at the necklace carefully, when laid at his feet for inspection, then turned about and shuffled off, saying, "Dazzling ornaments are for the vain ones who can appreciate them: as for me, I would rather have a good ear of ripe corn than a barrel full of such stuff."





JACK'S REQUEST

"**I** SAY, sir," said Jack, laying one hand on the arm of the ship's doctor, who was going on shore for the day. "When you come back will you please bring me a book?" "Why, of course, lad," laughed the doctor, "What kind of a book do you want? A rattling good sea story, eh?" "Oh, no, no, sir," said Jack with emphasis, "anything except a sea story. I'd rather even read a history. I know enough about sea life." Jack, who had run away to sea, had long ago found out that life on board ship was not quite what the sea stories he had read represented it to be.



THE CURE

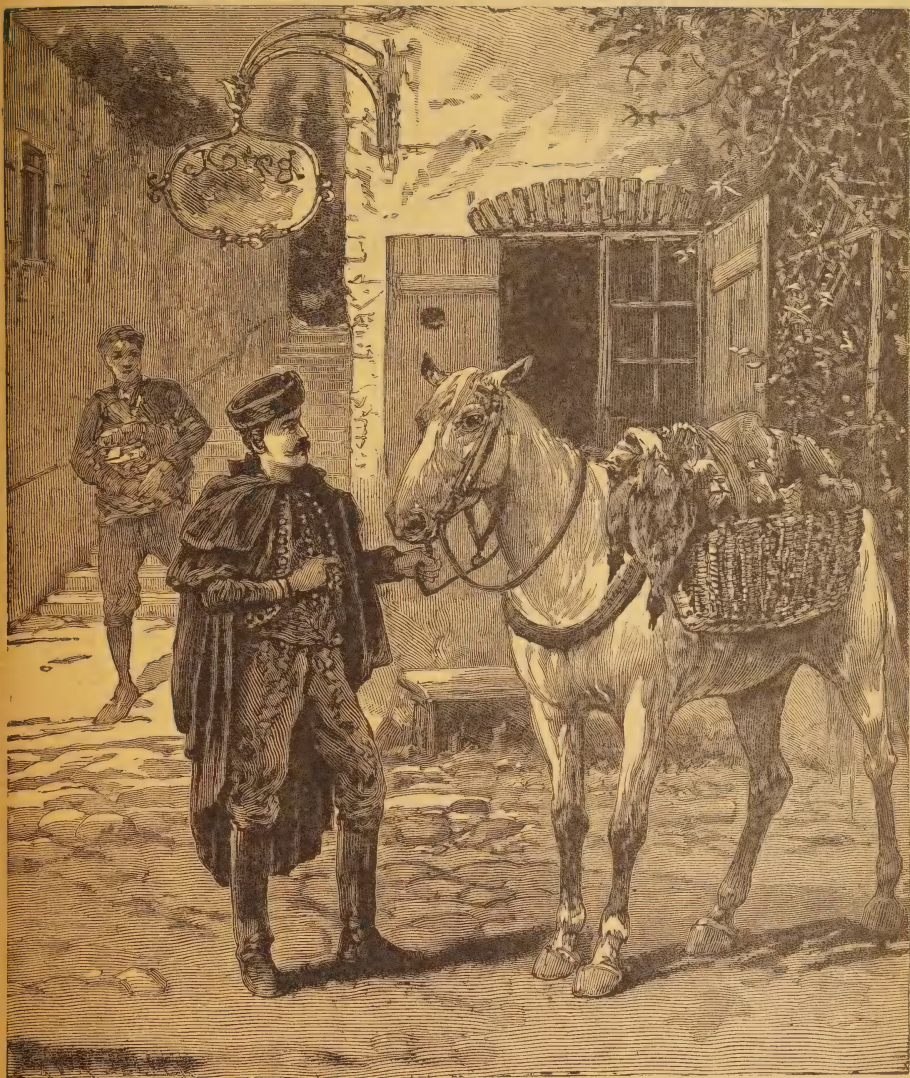
AT the battle of Balaklava, the captain of one of grandpa's regiments was wounded. Grandpa often visited him in the hospital. Every care possible was given him, but Captain Wells did not gain as he should. One day grandpa said to him, "Hurry up, Major, and get well, the regiment wants you." "Major!" exclaimed Wells, "Why, Colonel, you know I'm only a captain." "You were yesterday," laughed grandpa, "but you're not to-day. I just saw you commissioned as major at headquarters." Next day, when grandpa went to see him, he was sitting up in his cot, his brave eyes happy once more. "Good morning, comrade," laughed my grandpa, "I thought the 'Major' would cure you."



THE PEDDLER HORSE

STILL the peddler horses go
Through the quaint streets, to and fro,
In Hungary!

While their masters blithely cry,
“Here be fairings, — who will buy?
Shawls and scarfs of every shade,
Laces, as of cobwebs made,
Ribbons blue as the blue sky,
Aprons colored with rainbow dye,
'Broidered with tinsel and silk and bead, —
All that the prettiest maid can need,
In Hungary.”



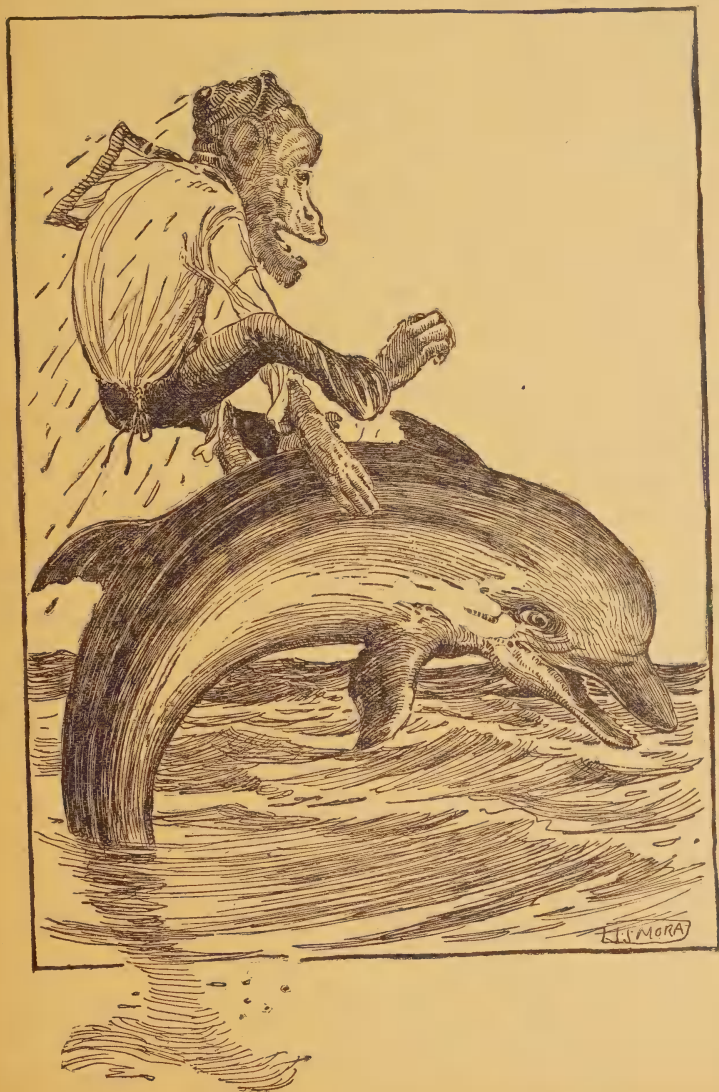
THE SHIPWRECKED IMPOSTOR.



HE shipwrecked Ape had been clinging for a long time to a slender spar, when a Dolphin came up and offered to carry him ashore. This kind proposition was immediately accepted, and, as they moved along, the Ape commenced to tell the Fish many marvellous tales, every one of them a bundle of falsehoods. "Well, well, you are indeed an educated chap," said the Dolphin in admiration; "my schooling has been sadly neglected, as I went to sea when

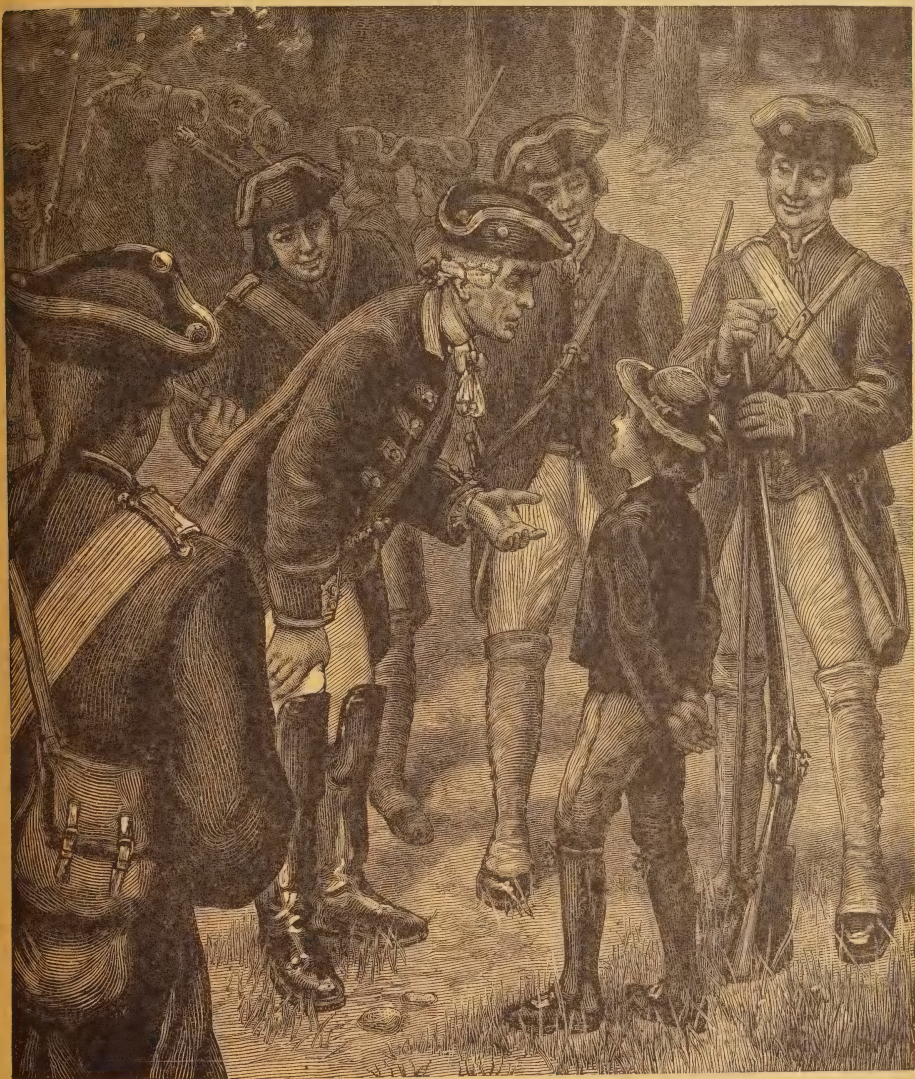


but a week old." Just then they entered a large bay, and the Dolphin, referring to it, said: "I suppose you know Herring Roads?" The Ape, taking this for the name of a fellow, and not wishing to appear ignorant, replied: "Do I know Rhodes? Well, I should almost think so! He's an old college chum of mine, and related to our family by—" This was too much for the Dolphin, who immediately made a great leap, and then diving quickly, left the impostor in the air for an instant before he splashed back and disappeared.



RUDOLPH'S ADVENTURE

RUDOLPH was out in the woods looking for berries. Suddenly a squad of soldiers came from the thick bushes. One of them seized Rudolph by the arm. "A spy, a spy," he said gruffly, thinking it a joke to frighten the little fellow. Just then an officer galloped up. Dismounting, he asked Rudolph why he looked so frightened. "Because," answered Rudolph, "one of the men said I was a spy, and I'm just a little boy looking for berries." "Of course," said the officer kindly, bending down and patting the boy's shoulder. Rudolph was not frightened any more. "Do you know the way to Glanchan?" asked the officer. "Why, yes," said the boy, delighted to serve the officer, "I live there." So the men set out for Glanchan, Rudolph leading the way proudly. And when the men entered the garrison at Glanchan, Rudolph, a bright new penny in his pocket, ran home as fast as ever he could, to tell his mother all about his adventure.



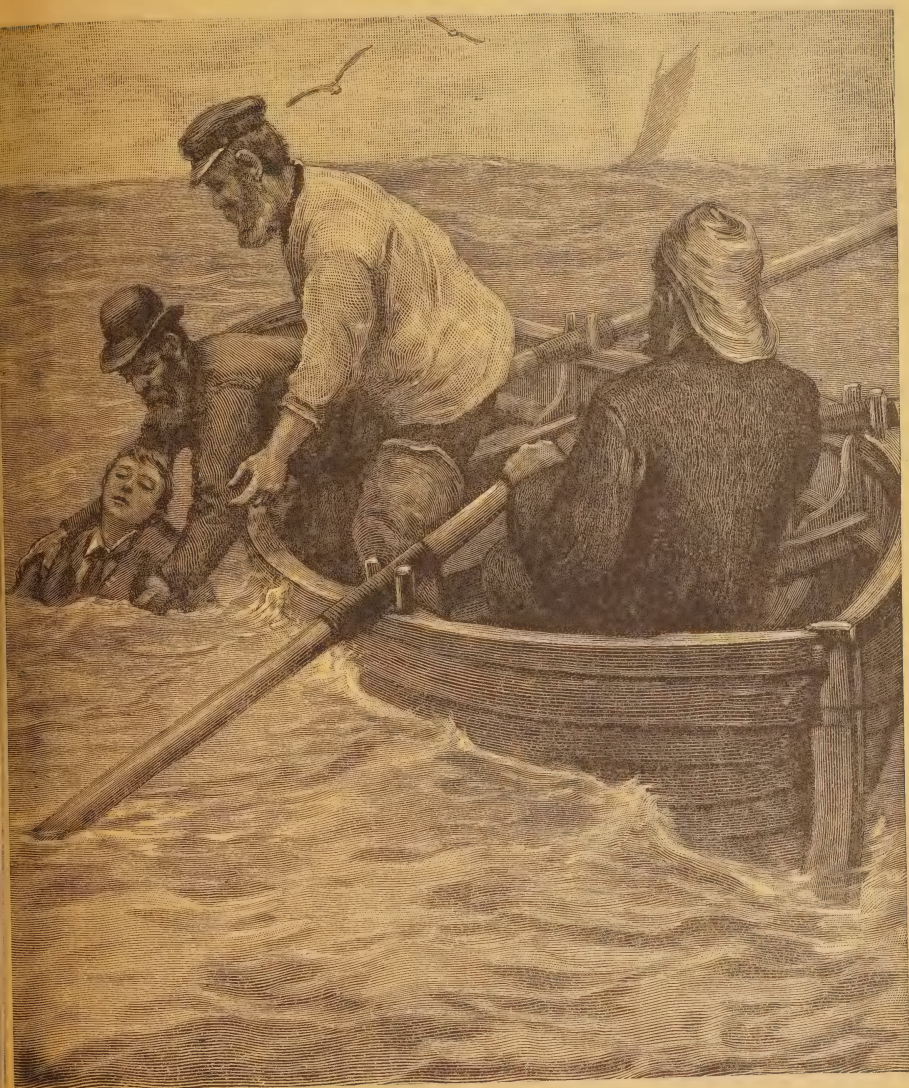
TEDDY'S STUBBORNNESS

ONE day Teddy started out with the cart more willingly than usual. Mamma and brother were in the cart, and Mamma's French maid, Marie. Teddy trotted along blithely, Marie driving him. Just then a fox terrier, barking furiously, leaped from a hedge. Instead of making Teddy go faster, the donkey stood still. And there, Mamma declares, he would have stood to this day had not Papa come home, after we had waited for more than an hour.



WHEN THE "IDA" CAPSIZED

THEY laughed at me when I started from the float in my catboat, there was so little wind. I drifted down Dorchester Bay into the harbor until I was about a mile off Deer Island. It was so warm and still I must have fallen asleep. Anyway there was suddenly a rushing sound, and the next thing I knew I was in the water. I crawled up on the keel of my boat and then the "Ida" sank. I swam toward Deer Island, looking about for a sail. Not one could I see. Evidently I was the only person on the water that afternoon who had not seen the squall coming. It seemed an awfully long way to land. I felt pretty weak, too. And then I saw a sloop coming. I guess the relief was too much for me, for I don't remember any more until I found myself on the deck of the sloop with the kind faces of the crew bending over me.



THE UNGRATEFUL WOLF.

SO ravenously did a Wolf devour his prey one day that a bone lodged in his throat and gave him terrible pain. He ran howling and gasping to the office of Charley Crane, the dentist, and offered him a handsome reward if he could only extract the torturing bone. The Crane sat him down, and, when he found his instruments were of no avail, he inserted his bill and tugged and pulled till out it came with a yank. When he asked his patient for a small remuneration, however, the ungrateful rascal answered him gruffly, "Reward? Compensation? What more than to be able to say you've had your head in my mouth and live to tell of it."





THE SPAN

MY father says when I'm a man,
Sure as sure, I may drive the span,

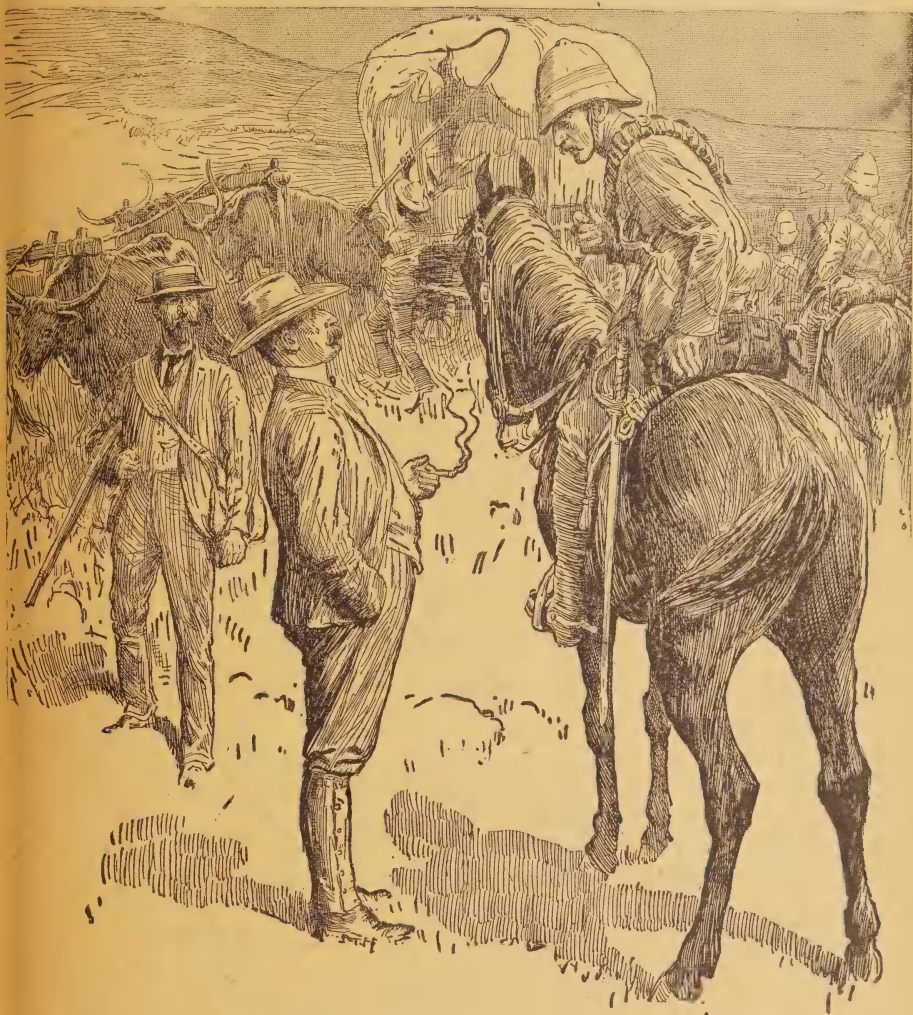
Just like he does, into town,
Over the hill and across the down.

Wish to-morrow I'd be a man —
Castor and Pollux make such a span!



THE ANSWER OF "RODERICK'S" MASTER

"**W**HAT will you take for that horse, my man?" asked Sir Percy, as Trooper Brooks rode up on his bay mare. "Take?" the cavalryman cried, looking down angrily at the pompous man beside him; "there isn't money enough in the world to buy Roderick. Why, only last night he saved my life. I saw a well off in that field. Leaving the troop, I rode over to it. Just as I was lifting the bucket to my lips—ping—a bullet grazed my ear! There was a Boer sharp-shooter behind a rock by the well. I leaped to Roderick's back, wheeled him around, throwing myself on his off side, and in a few minutes he'd gotten me behind some tall brush. Sell Roderick? Well, I rather think not!"



A GOOD SON

WHEN Napoleon was at Boulogne preparing to invade England, John Ingram, an English fisherman, was captured. Escaping from his prison he built a frail boat of twigs and osiers and started out to the English Channel. He was captured and taken to the French Emperor. "Who is there, my lad, in England," said the great Napoleon kindly, pointing to the leaky craft, "worth taking such a risk as that for?" "My mother," answered Ingram proudly, saluting the Emperor. Napoleon was so pleased with the English lad's devotion to his mother that he had him sent under a flag of truce to one of the English frigates, and upon it he reached England and his mother in safety.



THE NURSE AND THE WOLF.



THREE little Piggies, in a cradle, cried and fussed so much that their Nurse lost all patience and angrily exclaimed: "Hush up! Hold your tongues, Brats, or I'll throw you to the Wolf." Just

then a Wolf happened by, and, hearing the threat, stood by the window with watery mouth, and visions of roast shoat floating before him. The Piggies hushed up and the Nurse's tone soon changed. "Dear, precious little cherubs! We'll kill um nasty Wolf if he tums, so we will." "Bah!" grunted the Wolf, and ruffled his nose, for all the world as if he had swallowed a Bug, "you can never trust a woman to keep her word."





THE LESSON

POLLY was a very patient horse. But one day Swift and Fleet, the two stable dogs, tried her beyond endurance, and she taught Swift a lesson that the dog never forgot. Polly was hitched to the farm-yard gate, and Fleet and Swift danced about her, teasing her and snapping at her, till Polly's patience was worn out. Suddenly she made a leap, and, breaking her halter, seized Fleet between her strong teeth and shook him as if he had been a mouse.



CARUSO

IT'S a painful fact when "Caruso" sings,
To the end of the barnyard, on wide-spread
wings,

Fly roosters and hens and ducks and geese,
Loudly beseeching the donkey to cease.

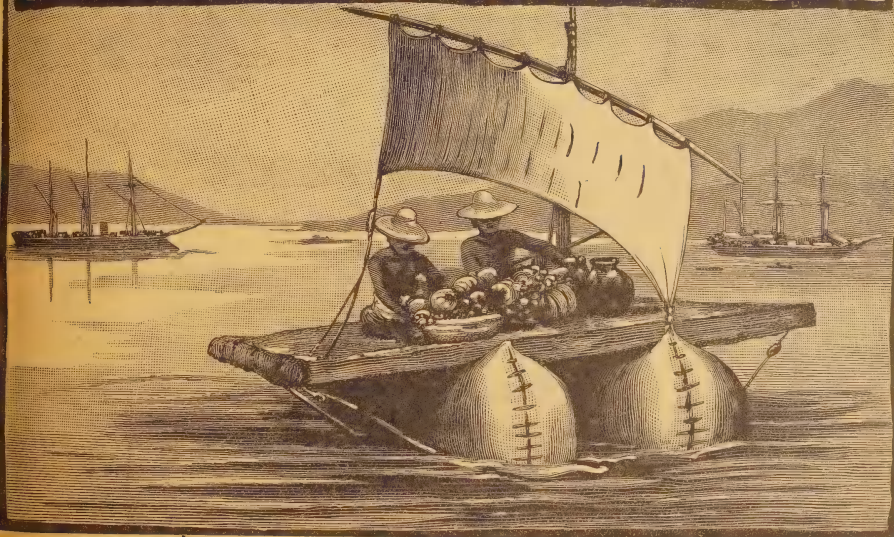
But one little goose always stays near by,
And lifts to Caruso a worshipping eye,
And stands tiptoe on her little webbed feet,
Cackling, "Master, your song is most wondrously
sweet!"

Then "Caruso" looks round on every side,
And smiles a smile of both scorn and pride.
"What the rest of the world thinks is naught,"
brays he,
When there's one little goose fully understands
me!"



CATAMARANS

WHEN we were anchored off Madras it was fun watching the natives ride the great breakers on their frail catamarans, made of logs loosely lashed together. Over the crest of the great waves the catamarans would slip safely when many a better built boat would have swamped. Afterward, in the harbor of Rio Janeiro, I saw some strange looking objects sailing near us. "What are those?" I asked a sailor close by me. "Catamarans, sir," he said. They were not much like those I saw at Madras. The Brazilian catamarans were made of inflated skins, with a platform across them and a tiny mast and sail. The natives would heap the platform with fruit and then go from ship to ship, selling it.



THE ASS AND THE PET DOG.



THERE was once a great fat Hippopotamus who owned a Pet Dog and a Jackass. He was extremely fond of the former, and, though the latter was very useful, I regret to say more blows were bestowed upon him than caresses. So it happened that the poor Jack made up his mind to win the good-will of his Master by imitating the actions of the Pet Dog, who was in the habit of frisking about,

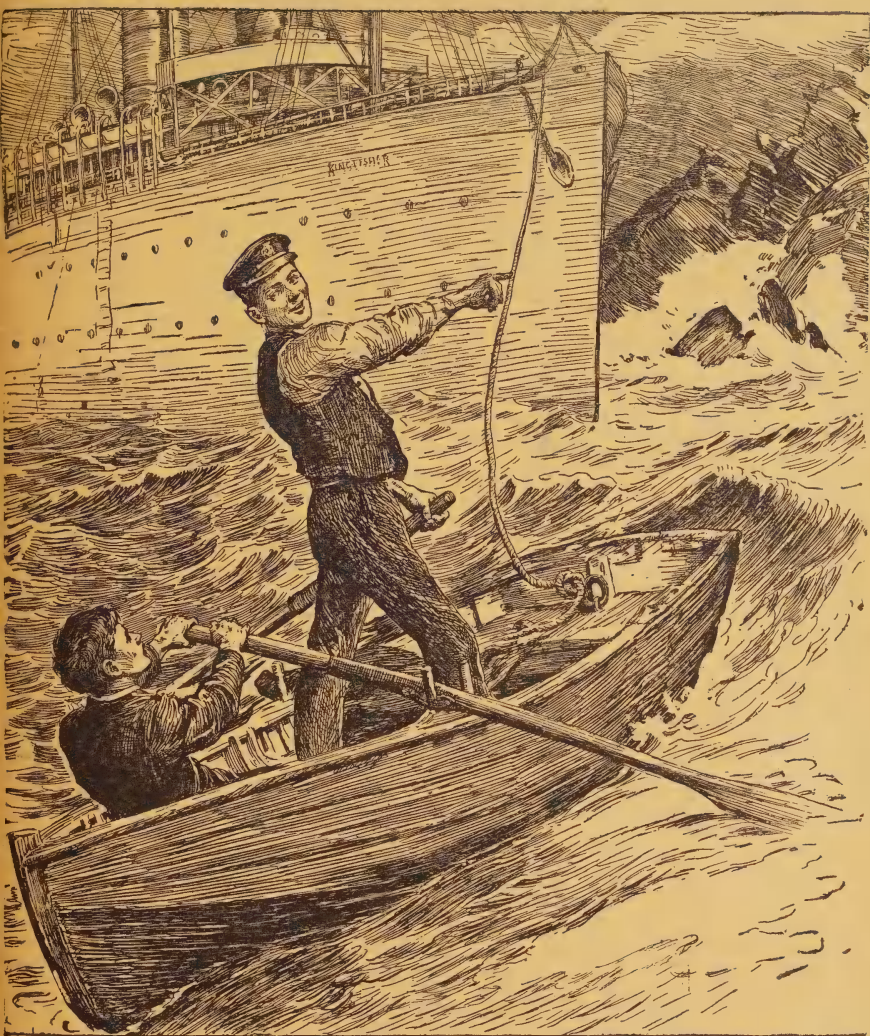
jumping into his Master's lap, and licking his face. The Ass watched the Dog closely, and one day, when the Hippo lay in the hammock enjoying a noonday siesta, he frisked about and finally jumped up, landing full in the pit of his Master's stomach. The hammock broke, and both came to the ground with a dull thud. On recovering his wind, the Hippo took great pains to give poor Jack a most careful spanking, mumbling as he rained blow after blow: "Thus ever to clumsy imitators."





A HARD TASK

THAT very fall when Donald and Duncan rescued the yacht they saved another ship. It was a stranded coast liner whose passengers and crew had been taken on shore. But the ship was in danger of going to pieces on the rocks. "The tide's at ebb," cried Don. "I'll climb on board and throw a rope down to you. You make it fast to the stern of our boat, and perhaps if we pull hard we can clear her from the rocks." Duncan rowed to the ship. In a few moments Don was over her side, had thrown a rope into the boat beneath and was back again with his brother. "Now row," he cried sharply, pointing to the ship, "we'll get her off." And that is what those two brave boys did, helped by the rising tide. It was hard work, but little by little the ship swung clear of the rocks.



“NANCY”

“GOOD MORNING, Farmer Hyde,” called Ned the cowboy, galloping up on his good horse Nancy to the barn-yard, where Farmer Hyde was splitting wood, and his little daughter Marcia was gathering the chips in her apron. “Do you know any little maid who would like a ride with Nan and me this morning?” “I do,” laughed Marcia, “it’s me.” So Ned swung her to the saddle; Marcia clung closely to him, and soon Nancy was cantering gaily along with them over the plain.



“MARLBOROUGH ”

MARLBOROUGH was the King's horse,
Strong and straight of limb;
Everywhere King George rode,
Marlborough carried him.

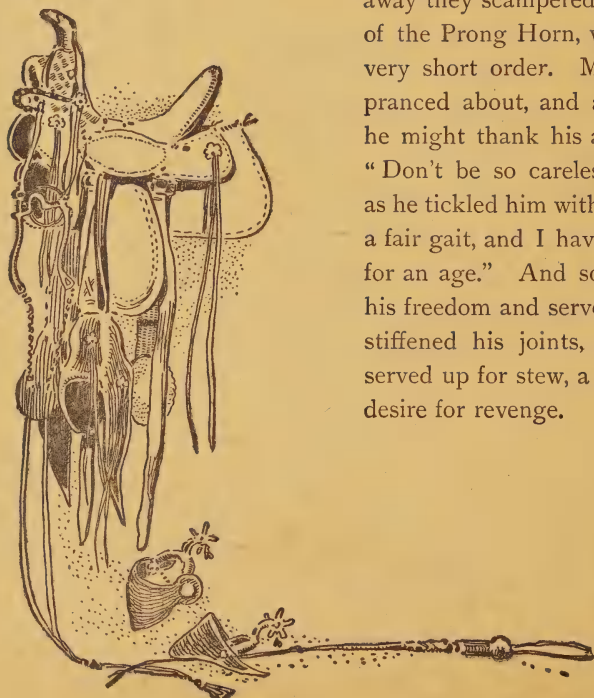
But of all the places
Marlborough loved the best,
Was the wayside fountain,
That his thirst refreshed.

By it, with her pitcher,
Stood a little maid;—
“Thanks,” laughed King George, drinking;
“Thanks,” good Marlborough neighed.



THE MULE DEER'S REVENGE.

THIS particular Mule Deer, having been gravely affronted by a Prong Horn and itching for revenge, hurried to a Prairie Wolf and asked him advice. "Just carry me within range of the rascal and I'll pepper him smartly with my gun." The Deer thought that an excellent proposition, and then allowed the Wolf to place a bit in his mouth and fasten a heavy saddle to his back. The Wolf soon mounted, and away they scampered, till they came in sight of the Prong Horn, who was disposed of in very short order. Mad with joy, the Deer pranced about, and asked to be freed, that he might thank his avenger in proper style. "Don't be so careless," answered the rider, as he tickled him with his spurs; "you've got a fair gait, and I haven't had a good mount for an age." And so the foolish Deer lost his freedom and served the Wolf till old age stiffened his joints, and, being useless, was served up for stew, a victim to the insatiable desire for revenge.





A CLEVER ESCAPE

GRANDPA was in the Army of the Potomac all through the Civil War. At the Battle of Cold Harbor, a spent musket ball struck and stunned him. When he came to himself, he was a prisoner. He was taken to Libby prison. Before he went to the war he had been a tailor. The commander of the prison found this out. He bought some gray cloth and trimmings and things and told Grandpa to make a suit for him. The day before the commander came to get it, Grandpa put it on and calmly walked out of the prison, the sentries saluting respectfully as he passed. Then he jumped on a horse that was waiting for some Confederate officer visiting the prison, and galloped swiftly out of Richmond.



WHAT "MORENGO" THOUGHT

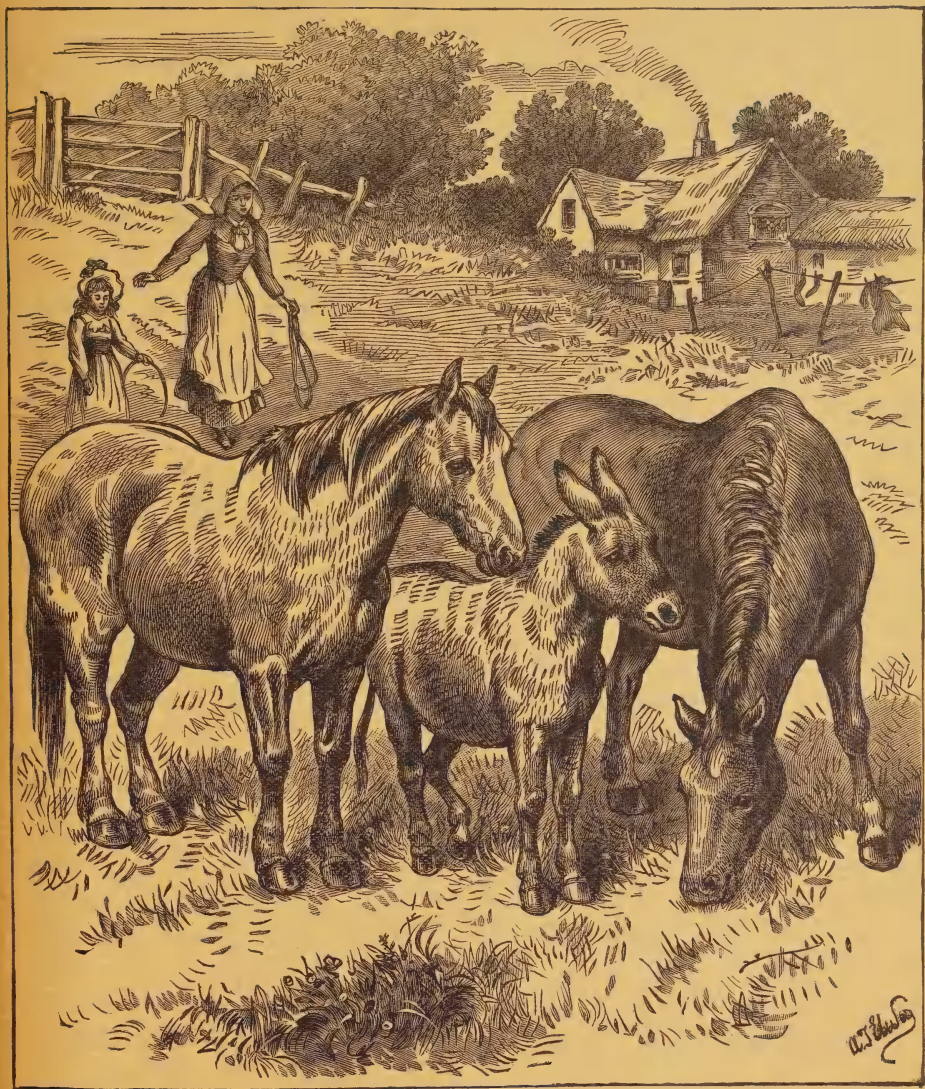
PEOPLE are very selfish sometimes. And the most discouraging part is, they haven't the least idea of it. Now, this morning, when the General and I fell into the morass, did they help me out of it? Not at all! The soldiers brought a ladder and the General crawled out upon it; and all the men cried "Hurrah!" and looked very happy. But when I floundered around for ages, and finally without any help reached dry ground, more dead than alive, all those men did was laugh, and whack me blithely, and say, "Good for you, old man; we knew you'd be game!" Well, if "game" is to be stiff and sore, I certainly am.



TEDDY'S RUSE

THOUGH Teddy was clever, he was lazy.

He did not even like to take the children to ride. He wanted to stay in the pasture and eat the sweet grass. So he tried all kinds of schemes to keep out of sight, especially when it was time for school. "But it's no use, Ted," Eliza the dairy-maid would laugh, "hiding between those big horses. I can see the tips of your ears, sir." "And so can I," cried little Dorothy, standing, hoop in hand, beside Eliza. "Come, Teddy, dear, Brother and I are waiting for you." Then Teddy, braying disgustedly, would be led back to the barn, and harnessed into the cart.



W. S. G. 1850

THE CRAFTY FOX.



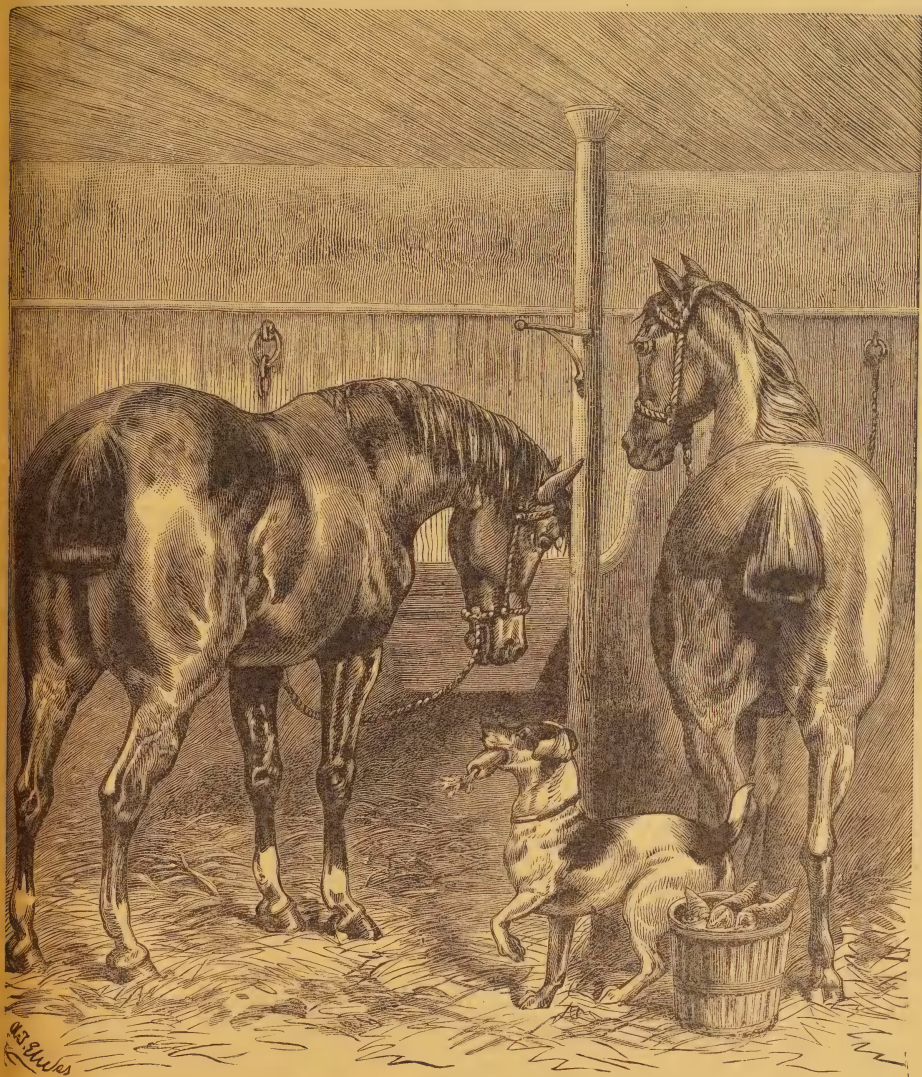
LION and a Tiger once decided to go hunting together, and so started off through the jungle as chummy as could be. The first thing that fell prey to them was a fine, plump Swan. When it came to dividing it, however, they disagreed, and from hot words they came to blows, attacking each other so fiercely that in a very short time they were both completely used up, with battered eyes and with gory cuts in profusion. An old Fox, who had witnessed the battle from a front seat behind an adjacent bush, rushed out at that time, seized the quarry, and hurried off, leaving the two combatants to gaze at each other as painful smiles illuminated their silly battered features.





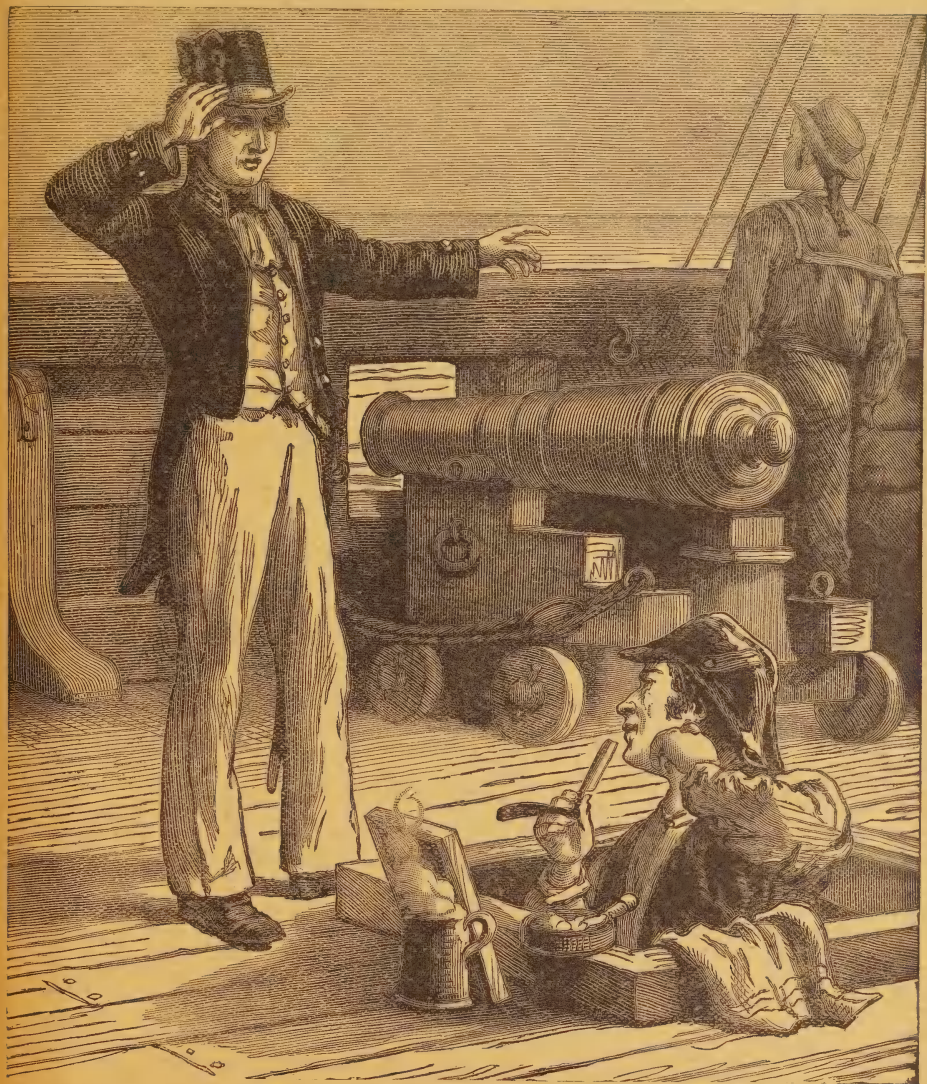
“TOM” AND “JERRY” AND “SPICE”

EVERY night when “Tom” and “Jerry” come back with Master from the station I put a pail of carrots on the floor between their stalls. And what do you think “Spice,” that fox terrier of mine, does? Why, he takes those carrots from the pail and gives them, one at a time, to “Tom” and “Jerry,” and the horses bend down and rub their noses against his, and say “Thank you!” just as plainly.



THE COMMANDER'S MORNING SHAVE

MANY years ago the sailor earl, Lord Dundonald, commanded his Majesty's ship the "Speedy." Now the "Speedy" was very much overcrowded and Lord Dundonald's cabin was not much larger than a closet. So when he wished to shave he used to slip aside the skylight and put his shaving materials on the quarter-deck. Then each morning he shaved himself carefully and comfortably, enjoying the fine air, keeping an eye out for the French ships, and chatting kindly with the young officers as they passed back and forth across the deck.



ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY

BOBBY had just come to live in London. The next day he went to school with Tom, who lived close by. After school Tom said, "I say, Bobby, let's go around by the Mall." So on they went to Whitehall. And there, on either side of the archway leading to the Mall, stood what seemed to Bobby the very grandest looking men he had ever seen. They wore gorgeous uniforms, shining helmets, and jack boots. And their mustaches were almost as heavy as the plumes upon their helmets. Bobby gazed up at them in awe, while Tom told him all about them,—how they belonged to the "Household Cavalry," whose special duty it was to protect the king and the royal family. They are the finest regiment in the English army.





THE SUSPICIOUS KID.

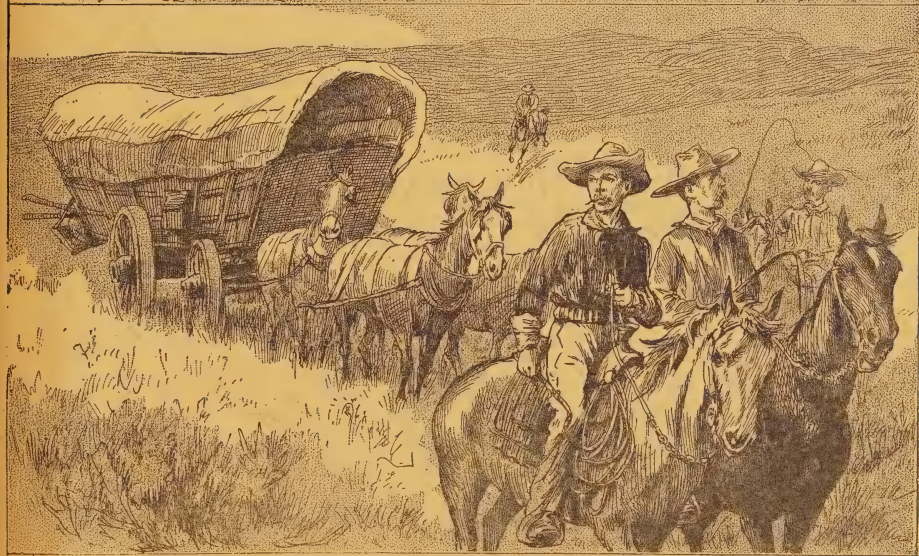
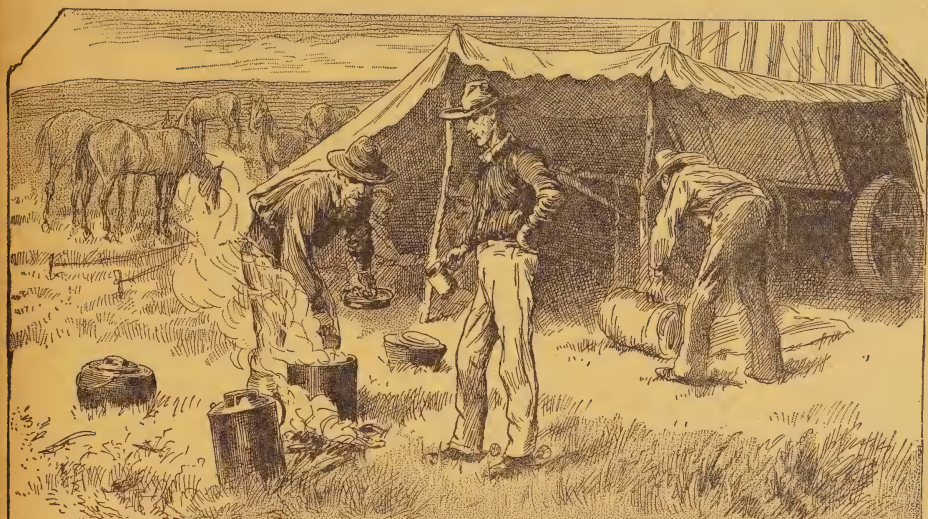
HEARING that empty tomato-cans were selling cheap, Nanny Goat took up her basket and decided to do a little marketing. She gave explicit instructions to her little Kid not to open the door unless the password, "A plague to the Wolves," was given, for many of these vagabonds had been seen that week prowling about. It happened that one of these very Wolves, who was hanging around about unseen by the Goat, heard her words, and when she was gone, came to the door, rattled the knocker, gave the password, and made ready to secure his breakfast. The Kid, whose suspicions were aroused, called out, "Show me first your beard and I'll let you in."





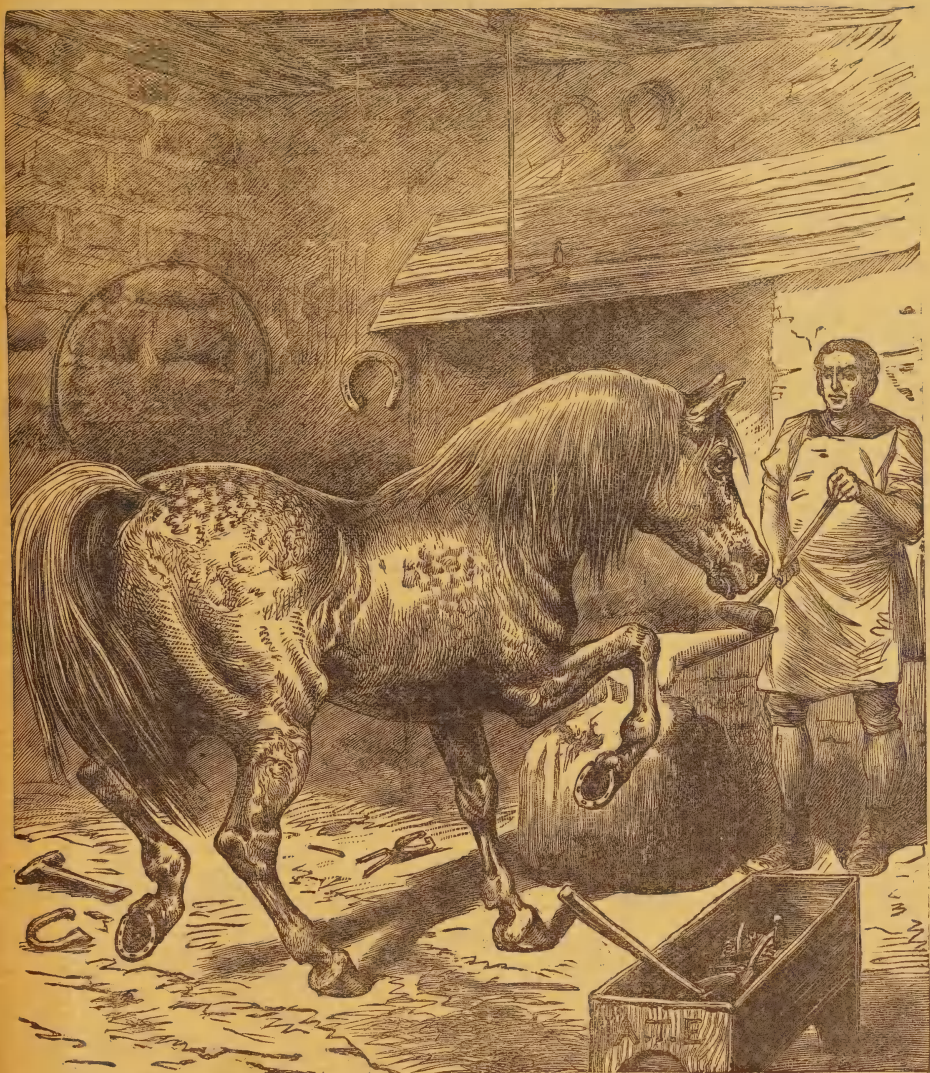
THE TRAIN HORSES

THE horses enjoyed crossing the plains as much as we did. In the morning while we were cooking breakfast they would gather about the huts and whine delightedly, when we would give them a bit of bread and bacon. And on the trail they would march proudly along, sniffing the clear, sweet air, nibbling at the thick grass, growing sometimes to their knees, and pricking up their ears at the songs of the birds.



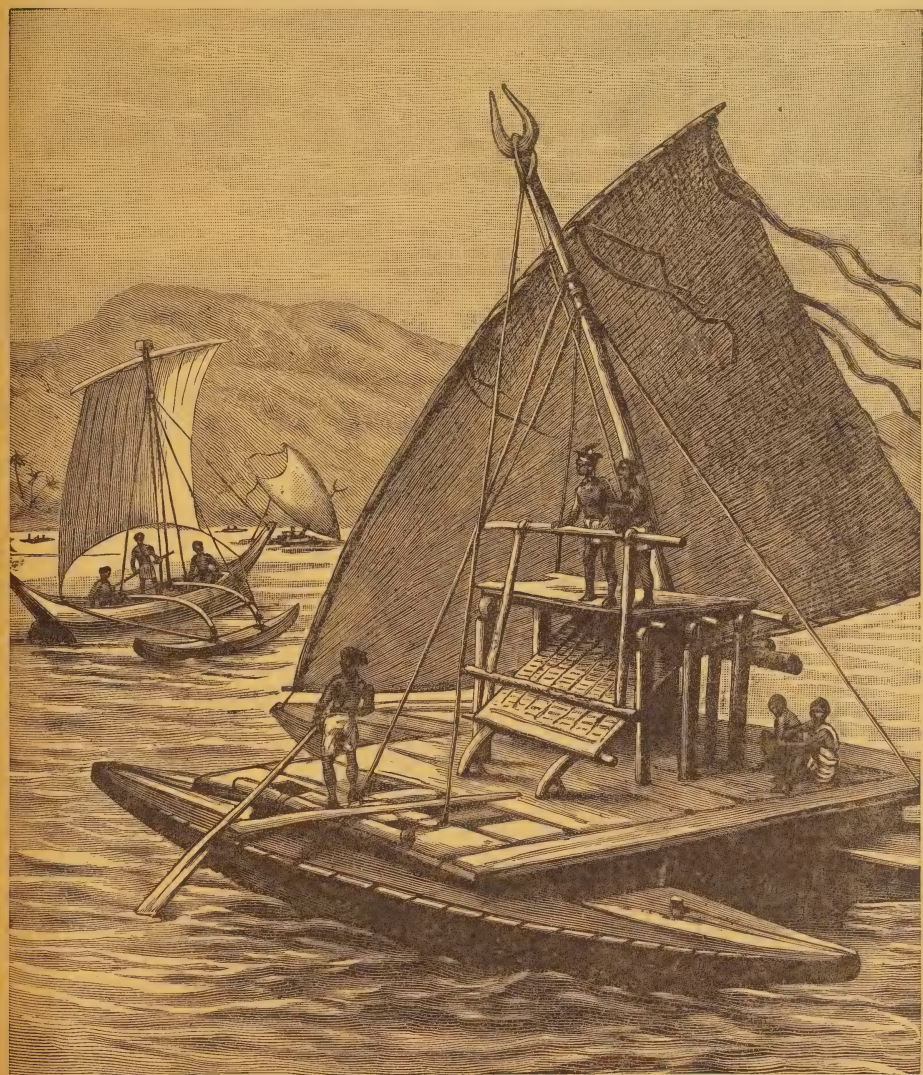
READY FOR THE FAIR

CLING-LING—cling-ling,
Two brown hands the hammer swing,
Fashioning shoes for Dapple to wear
When she carries her master to Donnybrook Fair.
And when they are finished, strong and bright,
Dapple will dance with pure delight!
While cling-ling—the hammer strokes ring,
Cling-ling—cling-ling —
Ling!



TWO CURIOUS BOATS

RIGHT on the other side of the world from us is a group of islands called the Society Islands, and in this picture you can see the curious boats the natives of these islands use. They call them "Ivahahs" and "Pahies." They are fine surf boats, riding the heavy seas which break around the coral reefs. The long slender boats are the "Ivahahs," and the one in the foreground, really two boats lashed together, with a platform and a curious bridge upon it, is one of the "Pahies." The natives are very fond of their boats and are very careful of them, building great sheds roofed with palm leaves to protect them from the heat of the sun.



THE SAUCY SQUIRREL.



ANY Red Squirrel took possession of a small pond, and with impudence drove away any one who came there to drink.

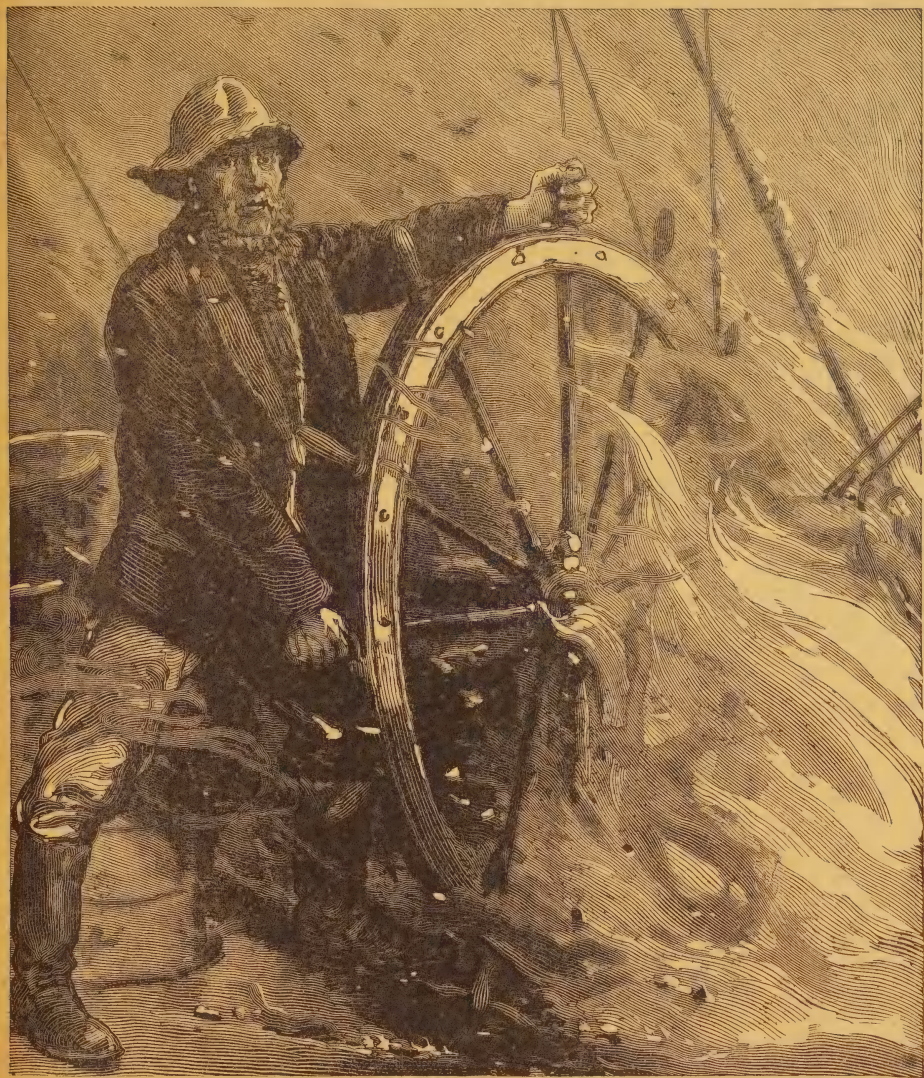
The pond was his, he claimed, and he would maintain his right to it to the bitter end. One day, when a great Moose wandered up and prepared to take a drink, the saucy Squirrel commenced to throw pebbles at him, scolding all the while: "Clear out! Clear out! This is my pond." The big fellow seemed greatly amused, and, in spite of the flying missiles and sharp words, drank all he pleased, then said: "Surely, my little friend, those who have neither strength nor weapons to fight with, should at least be civil."





A HERO

ONE summer afternoon fire broke out on a little harbor steamboat. Her pilot was a young man, named John Maynard. The captain called from the forward deck where he had gathered the passengers and crew, "How far to land?" "Half a mile," answered Maynard. "Can you make it?" cried the captain. "I'll try, sir," was the pilot's reply. On and on swept the flames. The stern of the boat was wrapped in them. But the pilot stood at his wheel. And still he stood there choked by smoke and scorched by flame, when the boat was beached, and every man, woman, and child was saved. Then brave John Maynard, his heroic deed accomplished, fell lifeless beside the burning wheel.



FAITHFUL KITTY

FARMER James and one of his hired men were coming home at night across the fields. Ever since they had left the West Meadow they had heard the neighing of a horse. As they came over a knoll they found out what the trouble was. On the ground lay a man, his wounded head lying on his arms. And above him, neighing loudly in grief and fear, stood his faithful mare, "Kitty." For hours she had stood there trying to call some one to help her master. And soon that master was lying in Farmer James' "spare room," while in the stable Nat rubbed "Kitty" down before he gave her the measure of oats filled to overflowing.



A PLUCKY DEED

“**Y**ES, sir,” Tom used to say, “it was the pluckiest thing I ever saw done. We said then he’d make his mark. And he has. To-day he’s Rear-Admiral Lucas. You see ’twas this way. I was just ready to fire when a great shell from the fort at Bomarsund crashed down beside us on the ‘Hecla’s’ deck. And its fuse was blazing away. The men were too scared to move. But young Midshipman Lucas rushed across the deck and picked up that burning shell and hove it into the sea. It exploded out there. But of course it didn’t do us any harm. And Midshipman Lucas got the Victoria Cross for that in 1856, the first one that was ever given to any man.”



ASS IN LION'S SKIN.

FINDING a Lion's skin in the forest, the Ass immediately thought of a great joke, and crawling inside, started off on a run just as hard as he could hoof it. The frightened Animals on all sides made way for him, hiding behind bushes and climbing trees. "King Leo is on a tear. Give him room!" they all cried. The Ass enjoyed this new-found popularity immensely, and wishing to make himself more solid, started to bray. A Fox, who had regarded him with some suspicion, now ran up and pulled his beard. The Ass brayed again, but the Fox threw back his head and laughed, "I know you by your voice," and then pulled off the disguise. The frightened Animals, seeing how they had been fooled, crowded about, and though the Ass made a most commendable sprint he failed to evade the well-aimed shower of bricks that followed him.





ANOTHER STORY OF "TEDDY"

ONE day, when Teddy was taking Mamma and Brother and Marie unwillingly to ride, he made up his mind to back. So "back" he did, straight into Goody Hobson's garden gate. Crash it went! Goody Hobson came running from the cottage, laughing to see Marie scrambling out of the back of the cart. "I pray you forgive me for the damage this tiresome little beast has done," said Mamma. "I will send a carpenter here this afternoon to put up a new gate, Mrs. Hobson." "Now don't 'e mind," said Goody, "donkies be always uncertain beasties, and the old gate was fair wore out!"



THE WRECK OF THE "APOLLO"

LONG, long ago, the British man-of-war "Apollo" struck on a reef off the coast of Portugal. The storm was terrible. Great waves swept over the vessel. The sails were stripped from the masts and blown away, and the heavy cannon, broken from their fastenings, were hurled about the decks, adding a new terror to the awful scene. The crew made rafts and tried to reach land on them, but one by one they were lost in the terrific seas. And the attempts made by the people on shore to launch a boat were for over two days unsuccessful. But the third day, one reached the wrecked ship and took off the few men who were alive. Before they came to the shore the hull of the vessel broke completely. So perished the good ship "Apollo."





THE OWL AND THE GRASSHOPPER.



AN Owl, who had been out very late the evening before, was trying hard to get a little sleep, when an impudent Grasshopper spied him, and immediately commenced to make all the noise possible. "Hello there, old Blinker! Don't go to sleep." The Owl requested him to move on, and at this the noise increased. The Bird waited in silence for a short time, then artfully addressed his tormentor. "Well, my dear, it's at least a pleasure to be kept awake by your sweet voice. If you'll but climb up here, I'll tell you what the Nightingale said of it. In truth, it was a great compliment." The silly Grasshopper, beside himself with flattery, lost no time in climbing to where the Bird sat, and quickly furnished a delicious appetiser to the Owl, before he retired in comfort.





